



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

FROM Thursday afternoon until Saturday midnight the House of Commons at Ottawa sat continuously. The Opposition refused to let any item of the estimates of Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, pass, until he had brought down complete returns as to expenditures incurred by him on a trip to Europe. Mr. Brodeur claimed that sufficient information had already been laid upon the table. Mr. Foster replied that the House was entitled to information much more definite than that which had been tabled. So, for fifty-seven hours the House sat, and only rose when Sunday had been reached, and to sit longer would have been illegal and impolitic. To get an estimate of the result let us turn to two of our leading political journals.

"Never since Paardeburg, has there been a more complete and sweeping victory," says The Mail and Empire of Monday, "than was recorded in the House of Commons on Saturday night, when the Government abandoned its futile effort to bulldoze the representatives of the people into voting money for the reckless and mismanaged Department of Marine and Fisheries, without any evidence as to how former supplies were expended."

"A few minutes before midnight on Saturday," says The Globe of the same date, "the curtain fell upon a session which will be remembered to the lasting discredit of those responsible for its prolongation, and in 'the wee sma' hours' of the Sabbath morning the little band of obstructionists, who had vexed the night and day with their declamations, crept away home, a sorry and dejected remnant."

"The lesson has not been lost on Sir Wilfrid Laurier and those who support him," says The Mail and Empire. "Indeed, many Liberal members have freely condemned the Government for leading then into this terrible ambush."

"Hon. Mr. Foster blundered badly," says The Globe on the same morning, "when, in the absence of Mr. Borden, he committed his party to a course which its rational-minded members openly deplored."

There appears to be some difference of opinion between these two journals as to the result of the fifty-seven hours of debate. In fact, a man is sure to lead himself into hopeless confusion by reading both Grit and Tory journals on a matter of this kind. At first glance one might suppose that by reading both sides, a man could get both sides of the story, and judge for himself as to the merits of the case, but what is the reader to think when one journal tells him that the Opposition "crept away home a sorry and dejected remnant," while the other says the Opposition emerged with such a triumph as has not been equalled since the bloody but glorious field of Paardeburg? Party lines are beginning to break down in our cities, and it is, no doubt, attributable to the increasing habit men have of reading more than one daily paper, with the result that they begin to feel that party strife is a joke. They begin to see that statesmen and journalists have been kidding them. To be a fat and contented partisan a man should not soil his hands nor agitate his intelligence by reading any journal but his own party organ. The Conservative who reads only The Mail and Empire, and the Liberal who reads only The Globe, know just what to think about that fifty-seven hour debate at Ottawa. These two men, each reading his own paper, are fully convinced of what they already more than suspected, that the "other fellows" are rascals.

FOR fifty-seven hours Parliament sat and the members talked under circumstances that should have brought out any concealed ability the House contained. Men talked to kill time. Volunteers were in demand, and the chance was good for back benchers to cut loose with oratory, humor or anything out of the commonplace. There appears, however, to have been mighty little in the way of departure from the beaten paths of dull debate. In three days of solid talk there does not appear to have been one notable speech, not one brilliant half hour—little of wit or humor. It was quantity without quality.

It is one of the privileges of an Opposition to obstruct. Since 1896 the Conservatives have done rather less of it than might have been expected, and even if they do not gain much by what they have done in this case, they are not likely to lose anything. It is curious, however, that Leader Borden was away. If Mr. Foster made this grand and play without Mr. Borden's knowledge, it was unfair treatment of his chief. If Leader Borden planned this thing to occur in his absence he must be unaware that an exhibition of boldness on his part is exactly what his followers in the country have been long hoping for. There is merit in boldness. Without it no man can catch and hold the popular imagination. Some nameless poet made some newspaper verse about Hon. J. P. Whitney just previous to the last general elections, in which he was extolled as

"Bold enough to be honest,
And honest enough to be bold."

Premier Whitney has made these lines his watchword. He quoted them in his speech the other night, but alas! the reporters did not recognize them as a quotation from a poet.

A READER sends us a copy of a weekly paper from Barbados with a request that we republish in SATURDAY NIGHT an account, written by Hon. Forster M. Alleyne, of certain strange, if not supernatural, displacements of leaden coffins in the vault of the churchyard of the parish of Christ Church, Barbados. The article being long and the subject somewhat outside the limits of this journal, a summary of the facts and a few observations on them, will have to suffice. A family burial vault was built in this cemetery in 1724, and on being opened in 1812 was found to be empty. It was then used as a place of interment, kept closely sealed, and only opened when it became necessary to place another body therein. The coffins were made of sheets of lead according to the custom of the country, and so many stories were in circulation to the effect that these coffins were found, when the vault was re-opened at long intervals, to have moved from the posi-

tions in which they had been placed that a special examination of the vault was made in the year 1820 in the presence of several reputable witnesses. Hon. Nathan Lucas, Lord Combermere, Mr. Orchardson, the rector of Christ Church, and others were present, and they found that several leaden coffins had shifted their positions, and were scattered about in disorder. The rector furnished a statement that he had been present on several occasions during the previous eight years when the vault had been opened and the same disorder observed, on one occasion a leaden coffin being found standing almost on end leaning against the wall. After the investigation in 1820 the coffins were taken out and buried in the cemetery and the vault left open. The enquirers decided that no natural explanation sufficed to account for the removal of the leaden caskets from the positions in which they had been placed. It could not be caused by water, they said, because there was no vestige of water in the vault; not only so, but the wooden coffins were found in exact position, although they would be the first to float. Nor could earthquake be the cause, for the shock that would move a

sank as the water lowered. This appears to be the practical modern view to take of the mystery. It is not desirable to suspect the supernatural where it does not exist. We may be sure that if any other-world agency, whether benign or malevolent, exerted itself by material performances on earth, it would be in some direction not so wanting in point and purpose, as the disturbing of a few coffins of a peculiar make in an obscure burial place in Barbados.

ON the last two Sunday evenings two Methodist pulpits in Toronto have shivered under denunciations of the vice of smoking. Of late it is almost a rule that when a preacher finds that his sermon has been featured in the newspapers, he has good reason to doubt the wisdom of what he has been saying. Smoking is, it seems, one of the greatest of existing evils, or the two sermons referred to were intemperate and injudicious. One preacher declared that he considered smoking to be as great an evil as drink, if not a greater. The other preacher did not commit himself to a statement so absurd. "Men," he said, "if you must smoke, go out into the back

total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the state that I know of in Ontario, frequently interlards his arguments on the subject with a profanity that would make hotel-keepers of my acquaintance grow pale. Some of the most bitter objectors to smoking I have come across were men wholly indifferent to religion. On the other hand many of the ablest clergymen and most useful Christians in Toronto are men with whom I have smoked by the hour, while they have talked of the problems with which they have to deal. To smoke or not to smoke cannot be made a question of religion. No smoker can be persuaded that the habit is one that has anything to do with his conscience or his religious life. The smell of smoke may be offensive to many; the smoking habit may annoy many; it may be a social habit that should or should not be encouraged, but how completely alone and aloof from the daily life of the human beings who are passing their days in this city must be the clergymen who feel that smoking is one of the great evils they should battle with in their short lives.

There is much talk about church union, and yet at intervals men arise in pulpits and denounce as the crying sins of the age habits and amusements that have the full sanction of clergymen and congregations around the corner. Surely there are eating at modern life evils about which there can be no mistake, no dispute. Dancing is a terrible thing in the sight of Mr. Hobbs, but his denunciations of it are incomprehensible to vast numbers of people who dance and yet have religious convictions as sincere as his own. Idol worship is condemned, yet Mr. Hobbs sets up a whole row of man-made Satans with which he would terrify people—little demons carved with his own jack-knife. It is an inverted idolatry.

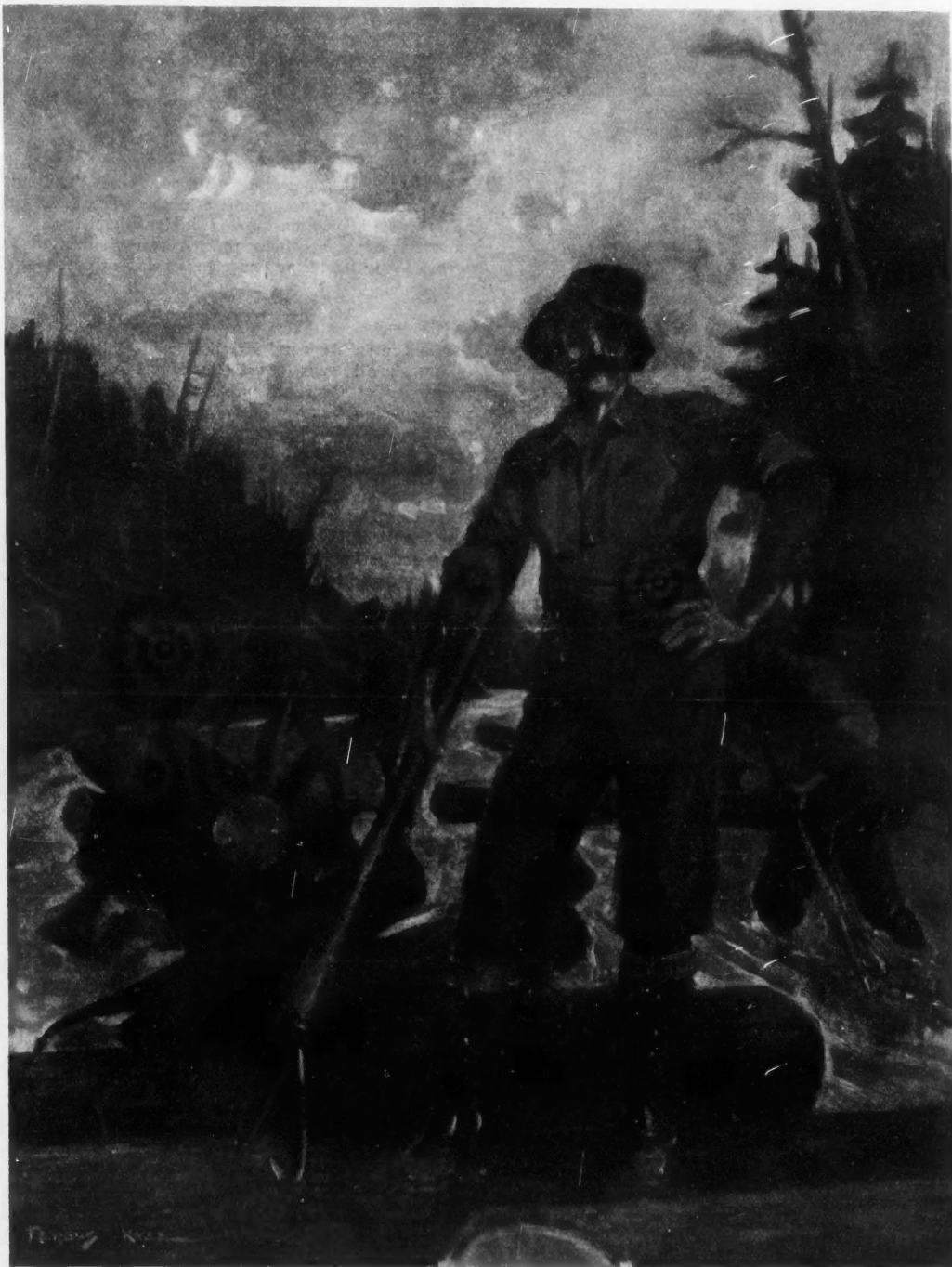
Men lose faith in would-be guides and counsellors who exalt their personal prejudices—who add their own prejudices to the ten commandments and denounce as sinners all who fail to conform to their notions. Men are being estranged from the churches by the unreason of regulations. Smoking, dancing, card playing cannot be stopped; in the opinion of a majority of professing Christians need not be stopped. It is mere cant to talk of smokers as "in slavery" and to urge them to rise up and escape bondage. They don't want to. Their consciences are not involved in any way. Men and women who dance are unable to comprehend the point of view of Mr. Hobbs. A civilized race of beings should, in the twentieth century, be able to associate in social amusements, without arousing those chimpanzee passions which Mr. Hobbs so fully describes from the pulpit.

THE Christian Guardian asks SATURDAY NIGHT "if the temperance people have ever shown any unwillingness to submit their case to the tribunal of the people." The Guardian continues: "We do not think they have; and we do not think, moreover, that they would stand for the forcing upon the community of legislation in advance of the preponderating convictions of the people. So far as we know, they never have. That in one instance they did not jump at a chance to win on such an appeal to the people, when they did not like the way it was thrown at them, and could not hope for any real results if they did come out ahead, should not be held up against them and their cause indefinitely."

The Guardian had some difficulty with our metaphors, for instance the one including a reference to the "three card monte game." In speaking of cards we entirely forgot The Guardian. However, if our metaphors in a previous issue were difficult to comprehend, the reasoning of our contemporary, as quoted, proves puzzling to us. In cutting off those licenses by vote of a Council which happened to be that way inclined, although a popular vote two years earlier had rejected a similar by-law, the temperance people abandoned that faith in the popular vote which until then had been their whole method of making progress. And if they hope for further progress they can only make it by coming back to that method. They have met, with much sharp practice; they have always complained against it; yet when the opportunity came they resorted to sharp practice. It was a mistake.

It appears to be the opinion of Senator Stewart of Nevada, that but for the assassination of President Lincoln, war would have been declared by the United States against Great Britain, and a great army of veterans of the forces of the North and the South, marched into Canada. Senator Stewart was a member of the United States Senate at the time, and says that the war party led by Senator Zach Chandler of Michigan was influential and well organized, when the death of Lincoln threw everything into confusion. The provocation for war was the building in England of privateers, which, flying the flag of the South, wiped Northern commerce from the seas. The objects to be gained were described by Senator Chandler to Senator Stewart as territorial expansion to the North Pole, and the rapid uniting of North and South again by sending Grant's men and Lee's men to fight side by side against a common enemy. "We have no navy to speak of," said the men who plotted this war, "but we have no commerce to lose. We have the only iron-clads in the world, and these monitors can guard our Atlantic ports and make them impregnable against the wooden ships of the British navy. England and Canada could not possibly organize an armed force to meet the immense army of veterans with which we could invade Canada."

According to Senator Stewart the plot found quick favor in Washington. "It was Senator Chandler's idea, of course," he writes in the Saturday Evening Post, "that the United States should seize Canada from Great Britain in payment for the enormous losses inflicted upon our commerce by British built vessels sold to the Confederate Government. He talked the matter over with me many times. The prospect of extending our northern boundary to the North Pole pleased him. I fell in with the plan almost from the beginning. Senator Chandler unfolded his plot to many other Senators, and it was discussed seriously. At that time Alaska was about to be annexed, and it was realized that the British possessions in Canada would come in handy. Finally, so far had the plot progressed that thirty Senators had been pledged to support it, and I attended many informal caucuses at which the



"MEN ROUGHED OUT LARGE IN BROAD FREE LINES,
UNSMOOTHED, AND LEFT THAT WAY"

See "The River Giants" by Pollock Fogue on page five.

leaden coffin several feet and up-end it would have left some mark on the church overhead.

There are people who like to puzzle their brains over mysterious happenings of this kind, and the strange occurrences in that vault at Christ Church, Barbados, have been written about in books and newspapers off and on for nearly one hundred years. No doubt the case will come up again and again, but as an opinion is asked for in these columns, it will be given. Were anything supernatural occurring within that vault, it would scarcely happen that the phenomena would be confined to coffins of a particular material. A supernatural agency would presumably care nothing as to whether a coffin were a wooden box or a casing of sheet lead. Among natural causes, we may exclude earthquake, because plaster was not cracked in the church overhead. Seals and private marks on the doors of the vaults proved that there had been no intrusion. But the evidence is not convincing that the disturbance of the coffins was not due to water. The experts claimed that water could not have done it because the wooden coffins were not disturbed, but were they not, in taking that view, showing a desire to incline to some explanation of a supernatural order? If, once in three or four years—during a wet season—water seeped into that vault, rose gently, slowly subsided, and did not return for years, might its visit not occasion exactly what occurred? The wooden boxes would let in water and not be easily floated off their stands; the leaden cases, being air-tight, would float. One of them, floating gently against the wall, and the water slowly subsiding, it could rest one end against some irregularity in the stone, while the other end

yard, or the woodshed. Queen Victoria prohibited smoking in Windsor Castle, and every wife should be a queen in her own home in this regard." He quoted Dwight L. Moody's statement that a smoker might be a Christian, but he would be a nasty Christian. "My brother," said this second Toronto preacher, "be man enough to conquer the weed and break the chains of your bondage."

The first of these preachers was Rev. Richard Hobbs, and the second, Rev. E. C. Laker, both of whom seem to have cut loose lately, determined to make the people crowd around and listen. Mr. Hobbs, having launched his bolt against smoking a fortnight ago, stormed last Sunday night against the heathenish, gigantic evil and pestilence of dancing. Next Sunday night Mr. Laker will preach on "Toronto by Daylight and Gaslight."

If the churches cease to retain their hold on the people of to-day in cities, and if men, especially, drift away, need we wonder at it if there are in many pulpits preachers so far out of touch with masculine opinion in the twentieth century, as these two clergymen seem to be—particularly Mr. Hobbs. Surely the man who says that tobacco, as an evil, ranks equal with alcohol is unfit to be the adviser of other men. It is a speech that betrays a sweeping prejudice and a lack of common sense, and no amount of piety or zeal can earn the respect of other men for one who lacks judgment. Smoking as a habit seems foolish, and is more or less offensive to the non-smoker, whether that non-smoker be Queen Victoria, Dwight L. Moody, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Laker, or your impious room-mate at college, or your profane fellow-traveler on a journey. One of the strongest advocates of

next steps to be taken were discussed. Then, at almost the very instant the scheme was to be sprung upon the country and pressure brought to bear upon the President to secure his co-operation, Mr. Lincoln was assassinated. This made the carrying out of the plan impossible. From the very first day Johnson took the oath of office as President he was at war with Congress, and the invasion of Canada never materialized. Chandler's faith and enthusiasm in the scheme won some of the best minds in the Senate to his proposition."

PERHAPS, however, even had Lincoln not been assassinated at the critical moment, Senator Chandler's abortive plot might have ended in nothing. There was Lincoln to deal with, and he was a very sagacious man. Perhaps he would not have been as ready as Chandler to believe that a few iron-clads made the Atlantic coast impregnable against the British fleet. He might not have felt quite as sure as Chandler that one hundred thousand of Lee's men would march along with the same number of Grant's to war against England "because of the aid England had extended to the South" in the war just closed. In fact the dream of the South had been to embroil the North with Great Britain, and at the very time when this plot was hatching in Washington many prominent Southerners were in Canada, taking a rest cure. Thirty Senators were won to the plot, but it may be presumed that these were the younger and rasher members, and that difficulty would have been met with in gaining the support of far-seeing statesmen.

ON Monday night of this week the Premier of Ontario was banqueted by the Borden Club of Toronto. The occasion had about it a pre-election atmosphere—it being the first gathering which the Premier has addressed since the politicians have begun planning for the next provincial campaign. Consequently his speech has been very fully reported in the daily press, and the newspapers, not only of Toronto, but of the province, have during the week indulged in editorial consideration of Mr. Whitney's record as leader of the Government and of Mr. Whitney himself. It is noticeable, in looking over this mass of comment, that the bulk of it deals with the man rather than with the Premier. The consensus of opinion—due account being taken of a certain amount of political bias—seems to be that during his term of office he has shown more ability in an executive capacity than he was supposed to possess. But even more satisfaction appears to be felt because of the fact that Mr. Whitney has, in most matters, shown that he has retained his most admirable qualities—horse sense in getting at the merits of a question, and a rough-and-ready, straightforward way of dealing with affairs. Ontario is rather suspicious of diplomacy on the part of her legislators, and Premier Whitney's utter lack of this art is probably his strongest political asset.

IN considering the tendency of press and people to interest themselves more in the qualities of a statesman than in his talents, we are reminded that the ability to accurately measure the quality of public men is perhaps the chief attainment for which democracy must strive. The people have shown themselves capable of gauging with rough accuracy the men who aspire to take a hand in the work of government, but they have yet something to learn in discrimination. And they have also something to acquire in vigilance and activity toward the end of seeing their standards maintained and their will obeyed, before Utopia is reached.

We have just witnessed a typical example of the tyrannous injustice of autocratic or bureaucratic government, in the case of General Stoessel. The defender of Port Arthur is regarded as the scapegoat of the Russian bureaucracy. If Stoessel was sufficiently competent and courageous in his defence of the fortress, he has been selected to shoulder the disgrace of his government's incapacity. On the other hand, if he was incompetent and cowardly, the responsibility for his action still rests largely upon the authorities who placed him in his important command. They should have known their man well enough to be practically sure of him in a crisis. At least that is the view to be taken from a truly democratic standpoint.

But while we who live in countries where the people are supreme look upon Stoessel's disgrace as an injustice, it is well to remember that similar injustice is possible in a democracy unless the people are constantly alive to their responsibilities. The Hamilton Herald in this connection recalls the case of the English admiral, John Byng, who was court-martialed and shot because he failed in 1756 in an attempt to relieve the British fortress of St. Philip on the Island of Minorca, invested by a French fleet. Admiral Byng was brave enough, but was without experience in independent command. A bungling administration sent him ill-equipped to sea, and because he failed he was made the scapegoat of inefficient, unscrupulous politicians. Since that day democracy has made long strides toward the ideal. Yet when it carelessly elects men to office, carelessly allows them power until they abuse and attempt to usurp it, and then angrily makes political scapegoats of them, it shows itself to be still imperfect. The successful democracy of the future—and democracy must be successful—will select its administrators as a successful business man selects his heads of departments. It will not only choose the best men that present themselves, but it will, with knowledge and enthusiasm, uncover and develop men of ability and character to engage in the service of the public. The term responsible government will then be re-defined, and will be held to mean a government for which the people are responsible, not periodically or spasmodically, but all the time.

THE other evening, on one of the obscurest of my study bookshelves, I came upon some bound volumes of The Canadian Monthly—copies of a defunct "national review" which had been read and preserved in the generation preceding mine. I took the volumes down and looked them through, perusing some of them (as a Canadian Monthly contributor would have said) quite carefully. They dated from 1877 to 1880, and a glance at their contents afforded an opportunity of comparing the Canadian journalistic outlook, of thirty years ago with that of today, and of contrasting the problems and conditions of that period with those of our own. Such a contrast is astonishing. Thirty years ago a handful of journalists in the older provinces were anxiously considering the future of the young Confederation—a future which the most thoughtful of them seemed to regard as very precarious. This week a convention, truly national, of journalists from provinces that form a complete chain of civilized and prosperous communities from sea to sea has gathered in Toronto, to discuss with all hopefulness and confidence the outlook of the press of the Dominion.

People of every generation are inclined to believe that

SOUR SONNETS OF A SOREHEAD

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

IX.

I F I could hit a healthy handed hunch
I'd cut these moanin' tides around the bar,
This graftin' schooners or a bum cigar
An stallin' round to get a chance to munch
A one-act meal of overworked free lunch.
If I could hit the velvet in a car
That would be goin' fast an' goin' far
You bet your life that I would blow the bunch.
Oh Gee! this bein' stoney broke is tough,
An' lookin' for a job would drive you blind.
This burg's a peacheroo to leave behind
Say, I ain't handin' out no side show guff
But talkin' on the square, an' most refined
I think this bloomin' world's a bunch of bluff.

they live at a time when Destiny is extraordinarily busy. Journalists of every age have adured their readers that the nation is at a turning point in her history. Thirty years ago Canada was, according to the chroniclers, in a critical formative period. So she is to-day. And some of the captions on old Canadian Monthly articles would fit many present-day editorial articles. Looking back we find Mr. Goldwin Smith, Sir Francis Hincks and others engaged in a controversy on "The Political Destiny of Canada." Other titles of old Canadian Monthly articles are: "The Temperance Problem," "Depreciation of Stocks," "The Woman Question," "Civil Service Reform," "Crime and its Treatment," "Science and Materialism," "Imperial Federation and Canadian Defences," "Changes Required in the Senate." All these subjects have a familiar look about them. But other subjects, over which there was mightily serious discussion thirty years ago, seem strange indeed, and the manner in which they were discussed seems stranger still. Thirty years ago the annexation of Canada to the United States, the feasibility of the Canadian Pacific Railway project, the practicability of taking British Columbia into Confederation, the practicability of Confederation itself, were debatable questions. But the gloomy spirit in which Canadian journalists wrote in that day—which is but yesterday as the historian measures time—strikes one as an even more forcible commentary on the changes that have taken place. The hesitant groupings—largely futile and mistaken—of these earnest men are nothing short of pathetic to the Canadian journalist of to-day.

Of course The Canadian Monthly was perhaps more sadly serious than most publications of its day, but it is significant that for several years of its life the only trace of humor it betrayed was a mildly facetious paragraph in July, 1877, speculating on "What is to become of us if the telephone proves a success?" What a time that must have been! We keep our faces to the future in this country, and properly so. But the members of the Canadian Press Association who gather in Toronto this week—the younger men at all events—can best realize the advantages and opportunities with which they are surrounded to-day by taking a glance into the past.

HAL.

"Saturday Night's" Children.

From the Calgary Daily Herald.

Saturday Sunset of Vancouver and Saturday Post of Winnipeg are members of the journalistic family of which Toronto SATURDAY NIGHT is the father. In style and substance they seek to faithfully copy their admirable progenitor and no one can fail to appreciate their vigor and enterprise.

But might a humble member of the daily newspaper class respectfully suggest that they are shy on literary style? The editorial freedom of SATURDAY NIGHT's front page is known and appreciated throughout Canada. In seeking to imitate it the other papers mentioned sometimes mistake license for liberty and permit satire to degenerate into abuse.

It is not necessary to consider that every person opposing one's own views is a fool or that those who advocate some other policy than one's own are guilty of sinister motive. The excellence of debate consists in a due respect for the opinion of an opponent. There is a tendency to intolerance in the children of SATURDAY NIGHT's family that is quite absent from the editorial columns of the old man himself.

EX-GOVERNOR BLACK, of New York, who nominated Roosevelt for the Presidency, in a recent speech filed a protest against the disturbance of business, the alarm, the financial disquietude caused by the speeches of Roosevelt and Bryan. "This country," he said, "does not need anyone to run it or to feed it; it sadly needs someone who will let it alone." The two great political parties were, he said, playthings in the hands of two men whom the intelligence of the country rejects. "The contest," he went on, "is not of statesmanship or of politics; it is a rivalry to see who can say the most and worst. No matter which man wins, the country loses, for it is at most a case of competitive unfitness."

DETECTIVE HUCKLE, of Hamilton, says he has a list of sixty-eight homes in that city that have been wrecked by fortune-telling. He thinks the authorities should carry on a crusade against psychic nonsense and imposture, and many people will agree with him. The extent to which people are being humbugged out of their hard cash and worried out of their reason and peace of mind by so-called messages from the dead and readings of the future, can only be imagined when one meets with a "convert" who tries to interest you in all this moonshine.

TORONTO'S latest act of cutting off a large number of hotel licenses after the people had pronounced strongly against such a move (says the Flesherton Advance) is one of doubtful expedience. It was a sharp move on the part of those temporarily in power that cannot be applauded by very many people who demand a fair fight without three-fifth handicaps and no favors to either party. While the act in itself was good, there are circumstances in connection that will tend to injure the cause that it was intended to benefit.

GEORGE TATE BLACKSTOCK in his speech at the Whitney banquet in Toronto on Monday night advised Canadians to beware the spirit of materialism. "Let us," he said, "abate something of this fierce dollar-hunting."

Royal Mediocrity and Bravery

IT would almost seem that we are surprised to find human virtue or human intelligence in the crowned and cornetted ones of the world. When they do appear we hail them as supernatural and construct a halo for their owners. The queen who visits a sick child in a hospital or speaks kindly to an outcast is acclaimed as an angel of light and mercy, and of a virtue unprecedented upon earth. The prince who makes an intelligent remark on some public question or who writes a passable Latin verse is saluted as a second and a greater Solon or as an incarnation of all scholastic possibilities. It is all rather absurd, because it is now a long time since Europe has furnished either a prince or a princess with an intelligence above a rather low average or of a virtue in any way remarkable. It is an age of royal mediocrity.

But, (says The Argonaut), physical courage of a high order has usually been a characteristic of modern royalty. To preserve a demeanor of absolute impassivity under all untoward circumstances has been a part of their training from childhood. The death of the King of Portugal was very sudden, but, *bon viveur* as he was, he would have faced the assassin without a change of color or a tremor. Every crowned head knows that death walks by his side and familiarity with danger has bred a kind of contempt. The life of the German emperor has been attempted on an average once a week since he has been on the throne, but no one would suppose it from the easy unconcern with which he takes his daily and unprotected rides. Leopold of Belgium is by no means a modern Bayard, nor is he strictly entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life. If he is untroubled by conscience it is because he has no conscience, but he takes no precaution against the maniac or the assassin, and he walks the streets of his capital as though he were prepared to meet his God at any moment, which he certainly is not, unless we have been strangely misinformed as to Divine preferences. Alfonso of Spain must know that his life is in constant danger; it has been attempted several times, but he has never shown the white feather even for an instant nor lost the boyishness that is so abounding as to be ridiculous. The Sultan of Turkey is the only European sovereign—if he can be called a European sovereign—who is notoriously a coward. His fear in the streets is abject and pitiful and there is no corner in his palace where he feels secure. But even with Abdul Hamid it is probably not so much death that he fears as the hell that he knows must follow it, for Abdul is the only monarch of recent times upon whom civilization has agreed to confer an ante-mortem as well as post-mortem damnation.

ISN'T it curious that a man so universally admired and held in such general affection in his old age as Mark Twain, should seem to have estranged so many of his early friends? One seldom hears from one of Twain's early acquaintances except by way of attack on the celebrated humorist. The latest is Senator Stewart, of Nevada, who claims to have housed Mark so that he could get opportunity to write "Innocents Abroad." It is apparent that he feels he was badly requited and in his recollections he gets even with the author. Perhaps the Senator may feel that he was slighted by Twain when the latter became famous. No doubt the successful man finds himself plagued by persons who claim to have known him in youth and ask all kinds of assistance on the ground that they attended the same school or walked the streets of the same country town. Perhaps Mark Twain, having been a good deal of a rambler in his youth, could not honor all the claims made on his good nature by a host of people, many of whom he suspected of being impostors. At any rate, he could, probably, write an interesting book accounting for the enemies he has left behind him.

SPEAKING of the Oriental influx The Monetary Times says "The Japanese and Chinese are destined to become, perhaps separately, but, probably together, a dominant power in the Pacific. They will dispute the first place with the British Empire and America." After saying that moderation and the best possible patching up of difficulties should be attempted, that journal continues: "One consoling feature lightens the whole business. When the spilling of ink is finished, and the spilling of blood begins, the present generation will be beyond the scent of gunpowder." Some of us may be inclined to regard this "consoling feature" as only partly or more or less consoling. If by side-stepping trouble we can do no more than postpone it, and by postponing it multiply it, we might better meet and face it now.

THE Edmonton Journal has the following despatch from Toronto: "Deputy fire chief John Noble will probably be pork packing commissioner, succeeding John Chambers. He has the promise of the support of Mayor River and a majority of the controllers." This item is not quite correct. The vacant job is that of Park Commissioner. The Mayor's name is Oliver, and we don't think Mr. Noble stands a ghost of a chance of getting the appointment.

WE knew there was some such thing possible! This is what Toronto is aiming at! An item in an exchange says: "A happy village is the violin-making district of Klingenberg, Bavaria. Not only is there no local taxation, but every rateable inhabitant receives for the fiscal year the sum of one hundred dollars out of the profits derived from the brick works and forests owned by the district council."

PREMIER WHITNEY, of Ontario, in his speech the other night said that before carrying the country at the polls he "was twice offered, by political opponents, office in the Government of this province."



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THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



MONTREAL, MAR. 5.
WHEN President Sise, at the annual meeting of the Bell Telephone Company, asked the stockholders' sanction to negotiate for the sale of their telephone systems in the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, he sprang a surprise from which the majority of those interested have not yet recovered. Beyond the bare announcement by Mr. Sise and the statement that while the Bell Company was not desirous of selling out its interests in these two new and growing provinces, but that at the same time they were not prepared to run along in opposition to government owned lines, there were no particulars given. At best C. F. Sise is a man of few words, and not under any circumstances given to the discussion of what-may-happen and the might-have-beens. It is evident, however, from what little he did say, that the company fully intends opening negotiations with the idea of eventually parting with their business in these two provinces on much the same basis as they did in Manitoba. Leaving the meeting that day a number of stockholders were wondering where it would all end, and whether eventually they would be forced to part with their Ontario business as well.

How well the textile merger has succeeded in bringing together the great cotton companies of Canada was manifest the other day at the annual meeting of the Montreal Cotton Company. It will be remembered that some two years or so ago there was a bitter war on between the Montreal Cotton Company and the Textile Corporation, the former striving to retain a majority interest in their own corporation, while on the other hand those at the helm of the Textile Merger were endeavoring to wrest it from them. It seemed at the time that S. H. Ewing, H. Markland Molson and other Montreal Cotton men had scored, and that they would retain their individuality as a corporation in fact as well as in name. However, the annual meeting just referred to tended to indicate the real trend of affairs. Two names were added to the directorate, those of H. S. Holt and J. P. Black, both Textile men, while Messrs. L. J. Forget, C. B. Gordon and David Youle still retain their seats, thus giving the Textile people a clear majority on the Montreal Cotton board. Mr. S. H. Ewing was again elected president and H. Markland Molson vice-president, so its a case of the steel hand within the velvet glove. As a matter of fact the Textile people, had they so desired, could have replaced both Mr. Molson and Mr. Ewing, but as the Montreal Cotton Company is working in with them, what was the use? The separation of the two concerns is more sentimental than real. With Forget, Youle, Gordon, Holt and Black on the Montreal Cotton board there will be no cutting of prices and a fair division of trade is in order. In other words the Dominion Textile Merger has accomplished what it set out to do.

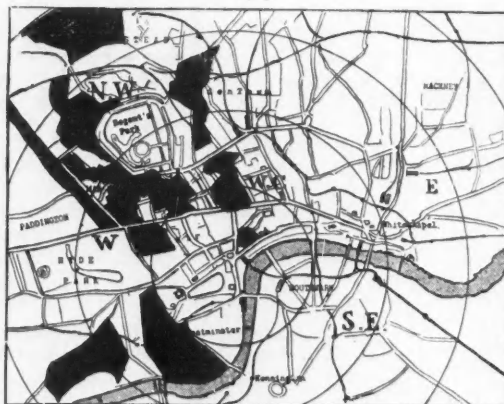
And all this reminds one of what a magnificent plum Gordon, Holt, Forget, Youle, Black, Rodger and the other members of the Textile syndicate have made out of their common stock. It will be remembered that this small syndicate, some fifteen or eighteen in number, divided up between them the entire common stock of the Dominion Textile Company, worth five millions at par. They paid for this stock, it will also be remembered, at the rate of ten cents on the dollar—ten dollars a share. This stock is to-day paying dividends at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, or in other words the holders are making fifty per cent. per annum on their original investment. Mr. Holt's original allotment was five thousand shares, costing originally \$50,000, upon which he is now drawing dividends at the rate of \$25,000 per annum. C. B. Gordon's allotment was also five thousand shares, so his dividends, provided he has held on up to the present, amount to \$25,000 annually. This sum in addition to the handsome salary he receives as managing director of the Textile Company, should keep the wolf from the door. However, Mr. Gordon, who is a young man yet, has worked hard and long for the Textile Company, and probably deserves all that he is getting. Properly run the manufacture of cotton goods is one of the most lucrative industries in Canada, but strange to say there is no large industry, not even excepting the steel business, that has had so many ups and downs. When the Textile Merger was organized there was scarcely a corporation in Canada, aside from the Montreal Cotton Company and the Colonial Bleaching and Printing Company, that was not between wind and water. Another peculiar feature of this business is the never failing cry for more protection. Mr. David Morrice, president of the Canadian Colored Cotton Company, never lets an annual meeting go by without reference to the necessity for more protection, and in the days of the late A. F. Gault, founder and first president of the Montreal Cotton Company, his call for more protection was ever lusty and forceful. In spite of his cry for additional protection, however, the Dominion Textile Merger manages to get along, as indicated above, and there appears to be no serious recession in their trade in spite of the slack times which most all industries are suffering under at the present moment.

TORONTO, MARCH 5.
CANADA has borrowed liberally of British capital so far this year. Including the Dominion loan of about \$15,000,000 this country has floated securities amounting to about \$75,000,000 in London since Jan. 1, or about one-half of our borrowings for the twelve months of 1907. Comparatively speaking, the rates have been less than last year, and they indicate that our securities take precedence over those of most countries in the financial centre of the world. This should be highly gratifying to Canadians. The three or four important railway systems in this country have apparently been able to get all the money they required at rates ranging from 4 to 4½ per cent. for long dates, while the railways of the United States have been obliged to pay 6 to 7 per cent. The latter were compelled to negotiate loans of short dates last year in London and other European centres, and many of these are falling due this year. Some United States railways have failed to get the capital required, and within a few months have been placed in receivers' hands. Another example of the high standing of Canada's credit is that while our 3½ per cent. bonds were floated in London at 100, gilt-edged 4½ per cent. bonds of New York City brought on an average a little less than

104. But some may say they were sold in different markets, with conditions not the same. Even so, the comparison is yet more favorable to us. Money in London has for months ruled at higher rates than in New York, according to bankers' reports. Canada and Canadian corporations have sold their securities in London, or borrowed money there on better terms than the United States corporations have in the same market. At the same time it is doubted if Canada, or any Canadian corporation, could borrow in New York at all, even although the interest rate is quoted lower there than in London. The United States is pretty much on a par with Canada in money supply—there are not sufficient quantities in either country to finance home enterprises, let alone foreign projects.

There ought to be an improvement soon in domestic financial circles. The three worst months are over, and future settlements are not likely to give bankers the concern and anxiety that has been felt in the recent past. A little more confidence in business will arise with the spring months. Railway development and enterprise, with a larger area of farm lands under cultivation, will necessarily stimulate commerce. The large sums of money that are being and will continue to be expended on railway construction and public works will shortly relieve any temporary distress and stringency. Later, on the opening of navigation, and then the crops will play an important part. With bountiful harvests good times will be assured. The situation in Canada is infinitely better than that in the United States. There, railway construction is practically at a standstill, and there is but a limited grain area to be exploited. It is the reverse in the Dominion. There is more railway construction under way here than ever before, and the money is assured for its completion. Extensive farming properties will come into the market. The immigration has again begun in large numbers, but it is hoped we will get a larger proportion of agriculturists than in the past. Discrimination in the immigrant class is sadly needed.

On this page appears a small map showing in black the extent of the property he'd by the nine chief estate owners of London, England, exclusive of the Crown and the city companies. These nine peers hold between them not less than five square miles of territory in London, and the central location of it in the world's capital gives the property a value almost beyond the power of figures to express. The nine estates are those of Westminster, Cadogan, Portman, Eyre, Portland, Camden, Marvion-Wilson, Bedford and the Bishop of London.



GENERAL MAP OF LONDON LANDLORDS.

It is interesting to contrast English and Canadian banking tendencies and banking profits. Fifty years ago, in England, the old-fashioned private banker still ruled the clearing house, says the writer in an article on "Bank Amalgamation," in The Labor Leader, of London. The opportunity offered by the new form of cheque—payable to order—was hardly realized. A new era began when the banker saw that, given the security of a large capital invested in good, sound stock, he could trade almost indefinitely in credit. With large enough operations his customers would, at a small cost, supply all the necessary cash. Even to-day some banks pay no interest at all on current accounts, and none, I believe, pay except on monthly balances of not less than £100.

Thus, suppose a bank with a hundred or more branches to have some 20,000 smallish accounts, of which the average balance was even as low as £25. Then it will have constantly half a million of money in its hands on which it is paying no interest.

In the thirty years from 1877 to 1906 some 250 banks were absorbed into amalgamations. In the past ten years alone the six principal amalgamating banks have absorbed no fewer than sixty-eight other banks, increasing their working resources from 153 millions to 308 millions! "The spider-web process of amalgamation has cunningly woven itself about purely local banking," said Mr. Duncombe Fraser, a Manchester banker, addressing the Institute of Bankers recently, "and had become a network over the whole banking of the country. Ten joint stock bank companies are authorized to raise over £146,000,000 of share capital. They already have raised, and are paying dividends on over £26,000,000, and only two of these banks have paid as low as a paltry 10 per cent. Anyone possessing £100 in each of these ten banks could sell the £1,000 worth of shares to-day for nearly £3,500."

In a debate in the House of Commons on Monday, the Canadian Banking Act came in for considerable criticism. Mr. Pringle, the member for Cornwall, has apparently given the subject much attention, and his arguments are worthy of consideration. He advocates no very drastic measures to the Canadian system, but suggests that shareholders and the public should be safeguarded to a greater extent than they are at present. He would restrict the borrowings of directors, and the investment of so much capital in foreign securities. There is no doubt the Canadian public have been greatly inconvenienced and pro-

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Toronto, February 24, 1908
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The Queen of Siam is the possessor of the most costly dress owned by any woman in the world, according to a writer in a Berlin newspaper. It is a silken robe of state in which the fabric is entirely hidden under an embroidery of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires. A rough estimate of the value of the garment is about \$5,000,000.

nearly \$13,000 for the starving babies and mothers of that city. Suffering is always saddest when it strikes at the frail, and Toronto's subscription is another refutation of the idea that we are living in an age so fast we may not take time to care for those about us who need our help.—London Free Press.

"Mamma, when we get to heaven, will papa go to business every day?" "No, darling, it will be just like Sunday. Why?" "I was wondering whether I could really be happy with him hanging around the house all the time."—Harper's Weekly.

gress retarded owing to a speculative spirit and the loose methods adopted by some bank managers in the past. The responsibility in some cases has been shifted to wrong shoulders. A large proportion of the failures of Canadian banks have been caused through criminal negligence of management. This has been due to the lack of proper inspection and independent audit. Mr. Pringle stated that no one person or corporation should be allowed to borrow more than ten per cent. of the capital of the bank, and recalled that the Yarmouth Bank had loaned all of its capital to one corporation. He also stated that notwithstanding the Government returns, which showed only \$100,000,000 invested in foreign securities, our banks had over \$200,000,000 of the people's money invested in foreign securities. The directors had, he stated, over one-fifth of the total paid-up capital borrowed from the banks of the country. This proportion of money loaned to directors is much more than the bank report shows, but we presume that in this statement, as well as the one made that our banks have double the amount of money invested in foreign securities than the report shows, Mr. Pringle knows whereof he speaks. An independent inspection and audit are most essential, but whether a Government inspection could sufficiently follow the ramifications of Canadian banks to be of much service is doubted by many. At any rate, the monthly reports ought to be rearranged whereby a stricter adherence to the law would be carried out.

Choice investment securities continue to hold their own in the market, but issues of a speculative nature are as erratic as ever. While money is no cheaper here, the feeling is that lower rates must prevail before long. The clearings of our banks at Toronto and Montreal for the month of February show a considerable decline, which is due to the comparatively quiet trade. The dullness in business is helpful to money conditions. Clearings here for the two months of the year were less than for the corresponding periods of the past two years. The total was \$175,261,000 as against \$206,960,000 the first two months of last year, and \$198,493,000 in 1906. In Montreal the bank clearings for two months this year show a decrease of \$24,700,000 from last year, and of \$40,000,000 from the previous year.

Including the International and Great Northern, for which a receiver was appointed last week, six railroads of the United States, operating 6,259 miles of single track, have acknowledged bankruptcy since January 1. During 1907 the largest railroad placed in the hands of the receiver was the Chattanooga Southern, operating 99 miles. The total mileage thus involved during the whole of last year was 349 miles, against 657 for 1906; 3,593 for 1905, the year of the Hamilton and Dayton-Perc Marquette failures; 744 for 1904; 229 for 1903; 278 for 1902, and 73 for 1901.

Speaking to the shareholders of the London and Provincial Bank, at their annual meeting, Sir Exceptional Joseph Savory, the chairman, had this to say:

"The past half-year—I might say the past year has been a memorable one in the history of all banking concerns; it has been a year of exceptional difficulties—of high rates ruling for money, and of exceptional depreciation in the value of securities. The world's trade in 1907 has never been equalled. We stand in amazement when we regard the extent of the world's trade during the year which has just expired. The world has never been more prosperous, never has production been so great, and Great Britain has obtained her full share of that prosperity. Her total trade prosperity and consuming power have never been so great as in the past year. Not only has Great Britain been more prosperous, but she has directed her labor and her capital into those channels which make for the maintenance of her prosperity. In 1907 Great Britain imported more produce than ever before, and her exports of her own produce and manufactures have been so great that by means of them she has sent abroad capital to the extent of no less than eighty millions. In other words, during 1907 Great Britain consumed more food, more clothing, and other necessities than ever previously, and yet had a surplus of eighty millions sterling, which she has invested in other lands, and from which she will receive an income in future of no less than four millions a year."

Many people have heard of Sable Island, "the graveyard of the Atlantic," but few have any idea of what the place is really like, says a correspondent of Answers from the Marconi station at Camperdown, N.S. It is situated about 150 miles from Halifax, and, as its name indicates, it is "an island of sand." Though many people entertain the idea that it is a rugged, rocky island, upon which ships are wrecked by scores, the fact is that shipwrecks on Sable Island nowadays are quite a rarity. And as for rocks, there is not a rock on the entire island as large as your hat. Formerly it was a frequent occurrence for the life-saving crews to be cut off from the world for months at a time; but now, all is changed. An up-to-date Marconi station has been erected, and the little "sand-heap" is now an important unit in the vast wireless system of the North Atlantic.

Although he has spent over thirty years in Morocco, Kaid Maclean has never for one moment forgotten that he is a Britisher, and he has never lost an opportunity of praising Great Britain to the Sultan's dusky subjects. On one occasion, says M.A.P., when there was great indignation in Morocco against England, some Moorish officers were boasting before Sir Harry of the way in which they would like to treat the English. "If they dare to come," said one contemptuously, "we will sweep them away like flies." The Kaid, who is noted for his great physical strength, quietly went up to the man, and said: "You're a brave fellow; shake hands." Then seizing his hand in an iron grasp, he squeezed it until the unfortunate Moor howled for mercy. "There, my friend," said Sir Harry, when he at last released the sufferer, "we have a few million flies like that in England."

On the eastern side of the rock of Gibraltar there is a curious looking white patch which recently led an American tourist to ask whether the rock was being armored. It is really a catchment for rain water to increase the reserve water on the rock. The catchment covers ten acres. It is made of galvanized corrugated iron fixed to piles driven deep into the shady slopes above the village of Catalan. The water collected at the foot of the catchment runs through the rock into a tunnel 2,000 feet long and is delivered into reservoirs on the western side. The yield to each inch of rainfall is 240,000 gallons.

BISMARCK'S DOCTOR

THIS interesting account of how Bismarck met the only doctor who ever coerced him, is told by the American historian, Motley, who has left a vivid picture of the great German household. Doors and windows were always open. Princess Bismarck and her daughter and the huge Prince himself rambled in and out of its hospitable rooms and halls, and everyone who came there was quite as much at home as were the owners of the place. Boxes of long black cigars by the score were strewn about in every possible corner. Pails of iced champagne were on the piano and in the easy chairs, ready for anyone who wished to drink; while long-necked bottles of Rhenish wine were equally available. Moreover, there were great platters of sliced ham and beef and roast goose and sausages on the sideboards.

Bismarck himself was a tremendous smoker, eater, and drinker, and would stride about the house, followed by his dogs. The pipes and long cigars which he smoked in a day would have killed an ordinary man. He loved to pour into a huge stein a bottle of champagne and then a bottle of porter, and drink the whole mixture off at a single draft. Bismarck said of himself: "If there were many eaters like me in Prussia, the State could not exist. I should have to emigrate." He used to gnaw his food like a great hound; and once, in biting through the hind leg of a hare, he lost a tooth. But, as has been said, all this had to have an end, and Bismarck finally called in a doctor. The doctor, overwhelmed by the honor of treating so distinguished a patient, bowed and scraped, and spoke in honeyed tones. When he found that the Prince objected to being asked about his symptoms, the doctor ceased to make inquiries, and prescribed on general principles. When he discovered also that the Prince objected to giving up his pipes and porter and champagne and sausages, the doctor was afraid to suggest a sparser diet. Naturally, no good resulted from the treatment, and the Prince grew fatter. Then he sent for another doctor, with the same result. In time he had called in more than ninety physicians.

Prince Bismarck's second son, usually styled "Count Bill," had also grown extremely stout. It occurred to him to consult a college friend of his, a young doctor named Ernst Schweninger. Schweninger was a slight, dark, nervous-looking man. He was somewhat under a cloud professionally, because of a prank in which he had taken part while at the University. He was charged with having been guilty of unprofessional conduct, and socially he was recognized by very few. Nevertheless, "Count Bill" went to him for treatment; and in three months had dropped sixty pounds in weight, while his general health was very much improved. He suggested to his father that he consult his friend. After much urging, he sent for Schweninger to come to his private room. The Prince poured out a list of grievances and symptoms. The sharp-faced young doctor cut him short and began to question him. Bismarck soon became restive, and then furious. Drawing himself up, and glaring savagely, he roared out: "Not so many questions!" "Very well," said Schweninger; "then get a horse-doctor. He asks no questions." The Man of Blood and Iron gave one mighty heave of astonishment, and then sank back. "Young man," said he, "if your skill is equal to your impudence, you ought to be a very able doctor." After that he answered all the questions that were put to him, and agreed to follow Schweninger's advice. His tobacco was cut down. His food was limited. He was permitted to drink only a little wine. Almost at once his health began to mend. He ordered Schweninger to have his luggage sent to Varzin, and to take up his abode in the Prince's own roomy mansion. He said: "The difference between former doctors and Schweninger is this: I treated the other doctors, but Schweninger treats me." At length came the time when Bismarck was practically well. He called for Schweninger, and said to him:

"You have done much for me. What can I do for you?"

"Restore my professional reputation," said Schweninger. "Make me a professor at the University of Berlin."

"I will," said Bismarck.

The Return of the Magdalen.

BABYLON is beautiful and Babylon is fair,
And I have drunk the poison of the red wine flowing there;

I wear the scarlet garments and I wear the scarlet sin—
Will mother see the scarlet of my bleeding heart within?
Oh, if I knock to-morrow, or if I knock to-day,
What shall the echoes answer me who come the weary way?

Babylon was wonderful to tempt me with its gleam,
In all the golden glory of a wayward girlhood dream;
The wine was like the morning and the gilded streets were fine,

And many praised my nonchalance, and many poured the wine—

But I have worn the garments of the glitter all in vain;
It's, oh, the little home again, the little home again!

Babylon was magical for tempting of the feet,
When I who as the roses went, so simple and so sweet!
Babylon is burning and my soul is in the flame—
Oh, give me back, ye cities, all ye stole of my good name,
And give me back the roses of the childhood that is dead
For these, the tinsel roses, that have pricked me till I bled.

Babylon was marvelous, but how I flee its gate,
With all the wailing way a wind of echo calling hate!
And I am at the little door and I am fain to knock,
And I am fain to be her child who reared me with her flock!

Oh, mother, mother, hear my cry! I'm fearful to come in,
For scarlet of the cloak I wear and scarlet of my sin!

"Babylon has ruined her—'twas not her fault, I know,"
A mother by the humble hearth made moan in accents low;
"The wine upon her lips was false, the tempters bore her on

To taste the gilded ecstasy, to drink the devil's dawn.
Oh, I have waited long for her, and I shall let her in
With all her scarlet garments on and all her scarlet sin!"

O Babylon, dead Babylon, the wanderer at the door
Grew in that moment beautiful as she had been before!
The sin has fallen from her like a shadow in the light,
A hand of love is round her and her scarlet robe is white—
For she has knocked and entered, and a little child at rest
Is dreaming back her childhood on a sweet old mother's breast!

—Folger McKinsey, in "The Rose of the Old Regime."

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Paid-up Capital - - - - - \$5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund - - - - - 2,750,000.00
Unappropriated Profits - - - - - 70,410.02

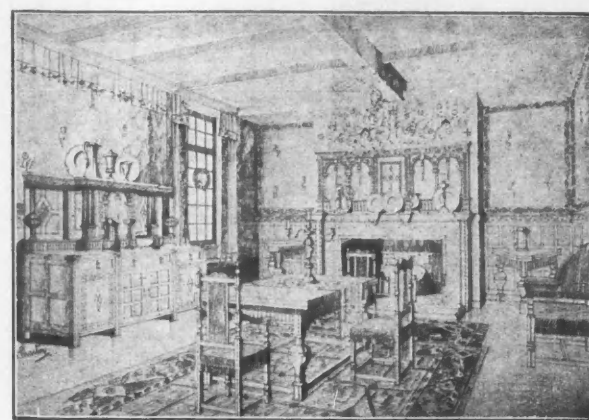
Paid-up Capital and Surplus - - - - - \$7,820,410.02
Investments - - - - - 25,778,809.88

Executors and Trustees are authorized to invest Trust funds in this Corporation's DEBENTURES.

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Reserve, - - - - - 966,221
Income, - - - - - 171,147
Surplus, - - - - - 300,341

The income from interest shows a handsome increase over the previous year, though the same high standard of securities has been maintained. The SAFE investment of money is, and must always be, of infinitely greater importance than the interest return therefrom, and this principle has ever guided the management of this Company in the investment of its funds.

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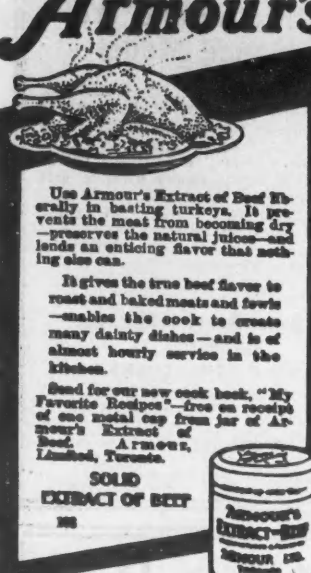
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THE RIVER GIANTS

By POLLOUGH POGUE

*This is the song that Le Bossu made as he lay alone in his bunk,
When the timid shadows came out to play as the camboose fire sunk.
This is the song that Le Bossu made for he was the camp songsmith,
Bull-cook he was on the office books but at heart he was Homer's kith.
As tribal poets forged their songs in the caves of the Age of Stone,
So Xavier's ballads were born o' nights when he lay in his bunk alone.*

Men roughed out large in broad free lines unsmoothed and left that way
The shantee gang they smoked their pipes at the close of a winter day.
And tales of the pillage o' the pine and tales o' the sack o' the spruce,
And the woman-tales that brute-men tell ran round the old camboose.
Red the light from the fire ran and chased the shadows away,
When Xavier came from the cookery, his choring done for the day.
Chore-boy he was on the Company's books, but a poet under his skin;
Cook's bitch in Madigan's depot camp, but at heart he was Homer's kin.

"Bull-cook! bull-cook!" roared a bearded brute at the camboose-side that night.
"Give us t' song ye promised us of Larry Frost's last fight.
"By the devil's horns, if ye refuse, ye crook-backed son o' sin,
"I'll nail yer ears t' yer bunkhead an' ross ye from toe t' chin!"

Sudden the deep-toned voices hushed; silent fell every man.
Only the fire's small noises were heard as Le Bossu began.
"Come all ye men o' the spruce's brand, ye woodsmen bold and free!
"To-night I sing of Larry Frost, re-nowned in historie.
"O, he was the boss o' the Ottawa from Bytown to Ville Marie!
"His strength was the strength of the young moose bull; he was made like the white pine tree.

"His eyes were like the white steel stars that dance in the bitter air.
"His voice was like the long storm roar of the smoking pot, Chaudiere.

"O, he was the boss o' the river from Mattawa to Sainte Anne;
"He was the boss o' the river when that was a job for a man!
"Often the spruce-born giants came, walking gay to the fight;
"Where is de boss o' de river? I tink me I lick him to-night!"
"Hairy, horse-muscle, cork-booted, loaded for bear with high-wine,
"When in the *Repos de Voyageur* the lights began to shine
"And the crews came in from the shantee, or the Drive was close to the town,
"Red raged the fight, and White-water Larry added to his re-nown.

"The Late Spring after the Winter of the Blue Snow it was
"That the biggest jam on the River was the jam at the smoking Chats.
"Men picked at her with peavies, each risking his life's eclipse,
"While the women of Fitzroy Harbor watched with prayers on their lips,
"And when the shadows deepened, shade by shade, into night,
"Gros Bras' auberge *La Passe la Dish*, roared with carouse and fight.

"A hard-bit gang from Temiskamang of red-sashed mackinaws,
"Worked with jests and laughter in the steam of the boiling Chats;
"Le Gros Quebec the giant, and Big Alec Langevin,
"Jimmie the Duck and Le Loup Garoux, and Peter McGilivray,
"Maglorie Morrin of L'attereau and Prosper Berlingerre,
"Sundown Fraser and Buckshot and Bourke McCann were there.
"Larry Frost was foreman and he cussed them for slough-pigs the while,
"Dealt them words with a sober face which must be said with a smile.

"Till the men began to grumble: 'She's big man, dis Lar' Fros',
"But I don't tak me no doggin' lak dat from any dami straw-boss.
"Blood o' t' devil! I'll drive this river from here t' Hell's High Skidways
"Fer a dacint boss, but that son-of-a-dog! I want me toime, o' jase!
"And the biggest man in the lumber woods, the giant Le Gros Quebec
"Leaned on his peavie aroaring: 'Dere is no yoke on my neck!
"Ye may be boss o' de riviere from Bytown to Vile Marie,
"But I don't allow no enfant d'chienne t' talk lak dat t' me!

"You de bes' man on de riviere from de Quinze t' de Chaudiere,
"But A'm de boss o' de Gatineau, an' A'm de bes' man dere!
"They stood beneath the breast of the jam in the smoke of the scuffling Chats,
"Where the roaring hell-cats tore and wrenched at the logs with teeth and claws,
"The copper hues of the bloody sun that burned so red and low
"Ran and spread like the staining of wine o'er the treacherous water below.
"A shantee oath squalled Larry Frost; a camboose oath roughed he.
"Ye high-banker, if it's fight ye want ye'll get a full meal from me!"

"The muscle-strength of a demigod had the Boss of the Gatineau,
"And he broke his peavie across his knee, aroaring: 'I break you—so!'
"The men took side, for the river pride and the pride of clan rose then;
"For it's blood to blood when the battle's hate burns hot in the hearts of men.
"At first they battled with fists alone and clawed with their corks for foot-hold;
"But soon they fought as the hairy men in the twilight days of old.
"Arm-fast they locked in desperate clinch with mighty thews aburst,
"Fast human speech with utter wrath; with hot blood-just athirst.
"Monstrously gnawing for jaw-holds, stamping and stumbling abind;
"Gurgling the hissing tooth-snarl that belong to the wild-beast kind.
"The Big Quebec he came head down with the rush of a charging moose
"And he gripped the Boss o' the Ottawa with a grip that would not loose.

"The grip was the tightening clutch of a bear, and the foreman fought for breath,
"He had no breath to say a prayer though he knew 'twas the grip of death.
"The closing clench of a pair of arms that were made of rubber and steel,
"They dumbd his voice as they numbed his frame; he could neither speak nor feel.
"But his mind ran on with the bitter thoughts of a dog whose day is done—
"His mind ran on in its habit-groove with thoughts that burnt to the bone.

"No more I'll rough the Ottawa where once I walked so gay;
"No more I'll boss the river boys; the dog has had his Day.
"No more I'll break the high pine dumps on far Temiskamang.
"No more I'll wade the white-water at the head of a sun-smoked gang;
"No more my big camboose I'll see on the banks o' the Kippewa;
"No more I'll kiss La Blanche Marie, the belle of Mattawa."

"The sun went down behind the hills and the shadows drew around,
"When the Devil of the jam he laughed with a cackle of helish sound.
"The Devil of the jam he laughed and it was the laugh of death.
"There came a lull; the shouting Chats for a second held their breath,
"And the river-pigs they sprang and blared full-lung: She pulls! Look out!
"But the shattering crash of the pulling jam it dumbd the warning shout.

"As over a windfall leap the deer the white-water men took heel,
"But Le Gros Quebec relaxed too late the grip of his arms of steel.
"He had no time to get away; he had only time for an oath,
"When the crumbling crest of the house-like breast came smashing down on both.

"There was never a woman to weep for them; there was never a priest to pray,
"When the Ottawa gave up her dead at the close of the summer day.
"And they buried them on the river bank beneath a lone pine tree,
"And they shaped a cross of a broken boom that river-men might see.

"When the River smokes with the morning mists the river-men still see
"The loom of the huge Le Gros Quebec that leans on his great peavie.
"And the restless ghost of Larry Frost that cannot go to sleep,
"Where the rapids sing a devil's mass and the wild white-waters leap.
"For that they died in deadly sin unhallowed and unshriven,
"They two must walk the Ottawa as long as pine is driven."

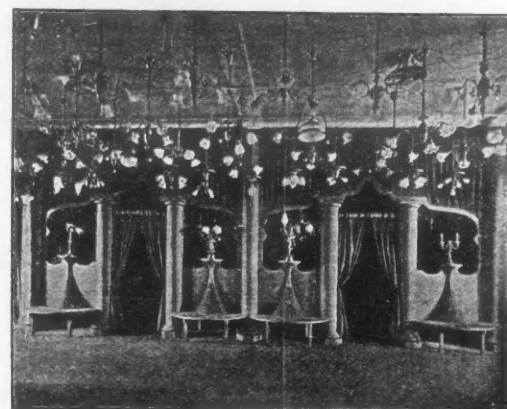
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LXXXIX.



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Devonshire Regiment. Graduate Royal Military College, Canada, 1890.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE engagement is announced of Miss Lorna Gibbons, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Gibbons, of London, Ont., to Mr. Ronald Harris, eldest son of Mr. George B. Harris, of London.

Mrs. James Bell gave a delightful progressive euchre on Tuesday afternoon at her home in West Marion street.

Captain Harold Lumb spent a couple of days in town this week, returning to Belleville on Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Hertzberg have taken a flat in the Alexandra.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbons were in town this week to attend the Young-Falconbridge wedding. Mrs. P. D. Crerar was in town to attend a meeting, and was also a guest at the wedding. Mr. Lazier was another Hamilton guest.

Mr. Lissant Beardmore's recital last week in Lyric Hall, Montreal, was attended by an exceedingly smart audience, to whom the Toronto tenor sang a varied programme of twenty-one numbers, probably much the same as charmed his friends here, earlier in the season. All the reports of the concert are most favorable. Three of the four papers say also nice things of the accompanist, while the fourth knives him viciously. Speaking of Mr. Beardmore's rendering of Macdowell's "Thy Beaming Eyes" the Herald says: "Listening to Mr. Beardmore's admirable rendering of this song, admirable not alone in its perfection of phrasing, but also in its clever revelation of mood," and in speaking of a favorite German song in Mr. Beardmore's repertoire, "Ich trage Miene Minne," says it was rendered with passion, inspiration and charm.

Mr. H. C. Lamont, on his way to Toronto last week received a cablegram, telling of the sudden death of his father, and Mr. Lamont sailed back last Friday to Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Benjamin and their little son are going to England at once to reside. On next Thursday, March 12, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin will be "At Home" at McConkey's from 5 to 7 o'clock, and cards were out this week for that date, when the reception will be also a farewell to their Toronto friends. Mrs. Benjamin is one of the most graceful and attractive residents of the East Side, and her husband has long been a valued officer of the crack rifle regiment, The Queen's Own, having been a most popular and enthusiastic captain of a smart company, and for years the secretary-treasurer of the regiment.

The president, ex-president, vice-president and "father" of the Argonaut Rowing Club, Mr. Percy Galt, Mr. James P. Murray and Mr. O'Brien, of Dromoland, with Colonel Greville-Harston, had an interview of some duration with His Excellency on Wednesday morning about the Assault-at-Arms, in course of preparation for presentation in Massey Hall. His Excellency wanted to know all about it, and is taking a great interest in the event.

The first of the Lenten lectures at Trinity took place last Saturday, when Prof. Alexander, of Varsity, told the large and interested audience a great deal about Jane Austen and her works. Rev. Oswald Rigby, of Port Hope, will lecture this afternoon on Charlotte Bronte, and a very good hour will be spent listening to him. The usual tea was served after the lecture in the college hall, and the Provost had some friends for a cup of tea in his room. These lectures at Trinity are the *bonne bouche* of the week, and Lent is the brighter and more salutary because of them.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to come again to Canada, in time for the tercentenary at Quebec. There will be great doings in that ancient city next summer.

Mrs. Robert J. Allan and her sister are spending this winter at Pasadena and Santa Barbara in Southern California.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Clark have entertained His Excellency and Lady Evelyn Grey this week, in the quiet manner they requested on account of their being in mourning for Lady Morley. A few gentlemen lunched with His Excellency on Wednesday.

and His Excellency presided at a meeting of the noble band who are so strenuously fighting the "White Plague" in Ontario. The meeting proved of an interest not anticipated by many who knew little of the work in hand. Captain Newton, A.D.C., who always enjoys a visit to Toronto, where he is emphatically *persona grata*, accompanied Their Excellencies on their flying visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Hees have spent part of February in Spain, the former doing the interior, and the latter enjoying a quiet sojourn at the hotel Reina Cristina, Algeciras. Both are in fine health.

A number of teas for young people and two or three house dances for the same joyous coterie have been the closing events of the ante-Lenten season. Last Saturday Mrs. T. B. Taylor gave a very pleasant tea for Miss Evelyn Taylor's young friends, at which many of both sexes enjoyed the hour in so charming a home. Mrs. Taylor received, in a black Chantilly gown mounted on white, and her daughter was beautifully gowned in white, with lace trimmings. Mrs. George Gale (Etta Taylor) assisted, looking very well in a pink dress. In the tea-room Miss Jessie McMurrich, Miss Eve Haney, Miss Kittie Gooderham, Miss Nicholls of The Homewood, and Miss Clara Flavell assisted. On the same day Mrs. Webster gave a tea for young people, friends of her daughter Frances, who is finishing her first season, as is also Miss Evelyn Taylor. At Mrs. Webster's tea the assistants were Miss Cochrane, Miss Chalcraft, Miss E. Reid, Miss H. Marshall, and Miss Graydon. On the same evening a farewell dinner to last Tuesday's bride was given at the Hunt Club by Mr. Norman Perry, at which covers were laid for twenty-six. Among the guests were one or two young couples whose engagements are an open secret, and who do not deny their most apparent happiness.

On Friday afternoon of last week, Mrs. Mabey gave a delightful tea for her daughter Mabel's friends. There was a very congenial party of guests with two or three married friends. The table was done with daffodils, and the girl-guests had a lovely time. Mrs. Mabey's unaffected and hearty cordiality make her an ideal hostess to young folks.

Mr. Frank Arnoldi spent the week end in Ottawa. Senator and Mrs. Kerr came up from Ottawa last Saturday. Miss Isabel Jackson, of the Garrison Dramatic Company, returned from Ottawa on Monday. Mr. Beverly Robinson came back from Ottawa on Monday. Mr. G. P. Magann went to the capital last Friday night. Mrs. Magann and her two youngest children are now in Paris. Her Toronto friends greatly miss the pretty young matron and would be glad to hear her health was quite restored. Mr. Magann is leaving shortly to join his family.

Miss Garrett, of Rosedale, sailed for Bermuda yesterday.

A very serious accident recently put Mrs. Herbert Mason *hors de combat* for some time. I believe her wrapper caught fire at a gas grate and she was quite severely burned.

Last Saturday the Aura Lee club-house was a gay scene while the Leap Year fete was on. Everyone had entered into the preparations with enthusiasm. The various booths and tea-rooms netted over \$200, which will finish paying for the piano and leave a balance for a library fund.

A great many hostesses are not receiving in Lent, and many others are out of town, so that the rush of calling may be said to be over for the season.

Miss Mabel Lennox gave a Shrove Tuesday tea to a number of her young friends at her home in Sherbourne street.

Mrs. Hodgins, of Cloynewood, gave a Shrove Tuesday dance for some young friends, which was most enjoyable. Miss Hodgins assisted and looked very dainty in black. The weeks are flying by towards her happy bridal, as she is to be one of the summer brides.

Mrs. Ireland gave a very jolly house dance for young people on Monday night. It wasn't of the Cinderella order, but a good deal later, and the hospitality of host and hostess was of the old regime, everything being very well done. Mrs. Ireland wore a lovely fawn gown touched with gold, and Miss Ireland white *crepe de soie*.

The marriage of Mr. Gordon Taylor and Miss Sara Helena Murphy took place in Buffalo on Monday, Rev. Father Fallon being the officiating priest. The bridegroom is the elder son of the late John A. Taylor of Bernard avenue, Toronto.

The marriage of Miss Winifred Evans, daughter of Dr. S. Hamilton Evans, Washington avenue, and Mr. Arthur Keeble Mussen, takes place next Tuesday in St. Thomas' church, at three o'clock. A reception at the home of the bride's parents will follow the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott gave a small supper after the play last Saturday night in the Russell Cafe, Ottawa, which has been so enlarged and decorated since last year as to be now a charming room for such festivities. Mr. Agar Adamson is in Ottawa superintending the improvements on the ground floor of the Russell, where a fine rotunda and elegant central dome with the names and crests of the principal Canadian cities in stained glass is a strikingly handsome feature. At Mr. Scott's supper Miss Elmsly and Miss Heron of Toronto were the guests of honor.

A French concert is to be given on St. Patrick's day (please don't laugh!) in Conservatory Music Hall, by Monsieur and Madame Panet, of New York, lately from Paris, where madame was an artist at the Odeon. The Panets have some French friends here, notably Professor de Champ of Varsity, and their concert and recitations are sure to be a delight to all lovers of French. As an unique way to spend St. Paddy's night, I present it to all appreciative readers.

Major Peuchen, Q.O.R., has gone for a month to England. Mrs. Peterson has gone to the West Coast for two months. Mr. S. Frank Wilson is on his way home from England.

Mrs. Miller Lash gave one of Monday's numerous teas in honor of a visiting friend.

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You pay \$100.00 for a diamond here that if purchased through ordinary channels would probably cost in the neighborhood of at least \$120.00. A still higher figure it would demand provided you lived under the Stars and Stripes of the United States. Tourists and the American travelling public find it very much to their advantage to patronize this store because of the very considerable cash saving and the confidence that can be placed in the high quality of our selections.

B. & H. B. KENT

DIAMOND MERCHANTS

144 Yonge St., TORONTO

BENJAMIN KENT

HERBERT S. KENT

"HOME OF THE HAT BEAUTIFUL"



An Expert's Opinion

Among the hundreds of Toronto's artistic women who visited our show-rooms during the past few days was one who had just returned from New York, where she had visited the initial display of three of Gotham's renowned millinery shops. This lady takes a deep interest in artistic work of every kind, and KNOWS the difference between the ordinary and the refined. She said to our manager: "Toronto women should be proud of your millinery display. I have not seen so many really pretty and wearable hats in New York, and your prices are really less than half what is asked there." We cannot help taking up this ad. space by quoting her remarks. Better a hundred times than that we should "blow our own horn." The proper time to secure a truly exclusive "pattern" hat is now. We are ready with hundreds to choose from.

McKENDRY'S, Limited

226 and 228 Yonge Street

Toronto, Canada

SPRING OPENING

March 9th.

ASHBY-JACKSON

Millinery Salon - 113½ West King Street

Portrait Photographer

McKendry

Studio:

107 West King Street

The Sea Shell.

TO my ear I held a sea shell
Listened, listened, listened to it
Heard the mazy, magic music
Winding, winding, winding through it.

Fairlylike and wild,
Heard the mermaids' twining bugles
Calling, calling, calling quaintly;
Heard the ocean's far off footsteps
Falling, falling, falling faintly—
But I was a child.

To my ear I held a sea shell,
Listened, listened, listened to it;
Heard the jaded body's pulses
Beating, beating, beating through it,
With a measured sway.
Heard the blood the veins encircling,
Heard the nerves vibrating quickly,
Heard this engine of a body
Throbbing, throbbing, throbbing sick-ly—
I was old and gray.

Science? I have won a little.
Dipped into the lore of sages;
Knowledge? I have read a little
In that book of countless pages—
Just a line or two.
Read—but lost the sea shell's music,
Lost the beauties there abiding,
Lost the phantasies and wonders
That, before my fancy gliding,
As a child I knew.

— New York Sun.

"First class in statesmanship, stand up. What is the purpose of an army?"

"Please, sir, to garrison our colonial dependencies, sir."

"Of what advantage are colonial dependencies?"

"They are a good training school for the army, sir."

"And what is the purpose of a navy?"

"To protect our mercantile marine, sir."

"But what is the need of a mercantile marine?"

"Please, sir, to supply the navy with experienced seamen, sir."

"Isn't this what is called reasoning in a circle?"

"No, sir—in a spiral. The longer you go on the more you are up in the air."

"Dismiss!"—Exchange.

Nothing strengthens a woman's self-confidence so much as a proposal—one proposal is a wonder, two a superfluity, three an epidemic, four are proof of unusual charm, and five go to the head permanently.—Books of To-day.

"It's no disgrace to be poor." "I can remember a time when it was no disgrace to be rich."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

WHEN the man who went to a rural school in Ontario twenty-five years ago sees "A Canadian History for Boys and Girls," edited by Emily P. Weaver, and published by William Briggs and the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, he cannot fail to wish that such a book had been in his hands instead of the cold and uninviting volume from which he had to memorize barren names and dates. This new history of Canada, while it does not pretend to contain anything more than a general outline of the country's history, is written in language that is not meant to terrify and overawe the childish mind. The book is meant to be interesting and succeeds admirably. It is crowded with illustrations. It is a mine of attractive pictures, and a great deal of care must have been expended in getting together so complete and varied a set of illustrations. The work is on the right lines, and the study of Canadian history should by it be made one of the most popular in the schools.

The Referee, an English journal, recently offered a prize of five pounds for the best acrostic on Canada, and the result has just been announced. The first prize has been awarded to Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the well-known writer, of Brantford. Miss Johnson's contribution runs as follows:

Crown of her, young Vancouver:
crest of her, old Quebec;
Atlantic and far Pacific sweeping her,
keel to deck.
North of her, ice and arctic; south-
ward, a rival's stealth;
Aloft, her Empire's pennant; below,
her nation's wealth.
Daughter of men and markets, bear-
ing within her hold,
Appraised at highest value, cargoes
of grain and gold.

The Messrs. Scribner are bringing out a new edition of the novels and tales of Henry James, which include everything that he is willing should survive him. Critical and historic essays precede every volume. He tells us how the germ idea developed the complete novel and how he studied his types from the individual.

Lord Cromer probably stands alone among modern Englishmen as a maker of history, a fact which lends special interest to his forthcoming volume on "Modern Egypt," which is to be published shortly by the Macmillans. In addition to his intimate personal acquaintance with the kingdom of the Khedive and the important part he has played in the government of that country for so many years, Lord Cromer has had free access to all the documents in the archives of the foreign offices of both London and Cairo.

Winston Churchill still sticks to the letter C in beginning the titles of his books. The successor of "Coniston," "The Crisis," and "The Crossing," on which he is now engaged, will be entitled "Mr. Crewe's Career." True to his unvarying custom, Mr. Churchill has allowed a couple of years to elapse since his last book appeared before writing another. According, however, to his publishers, the Macmillan Company, the idea for this new book was in Mr. Churchill's mind long before his campaign for the Governorship of New Hampshire gave him some of his material for "Coniston."

According to reports from London the chapters of Lady Randolph Churchill's reminiscences in the February Century are creating "intense amazement and considerable apprehension among her late husband's political colleagues." Mr. Arthur Balfour is said to have been agitated over the publication of a note written to Lady Randolph when he was Irish Secretary. This note avowed that he would rather play Wagner duets with Lady Randolph than remain on the "beastly" treasury bench.

The March issue of The Busy Man's Magazine will be found unusually instructive and interesting, particularly to those who can devote only a short time each day to reading. The articles are timely and profitable, while some of the best short stories of the month will be found within its pages. The illustrations are good, and brighten up the number considerably. The story of the Progress of a Canadian from Cadet to Rear-Admiral in His Majesty's Navy is told in an attractive way. A bright sketch of "Tobogganing in Canada" will appeal to all lovers of the great winter pastime. Other acceptable

contributions from leading writers are: "How Business Men can Maintain Prosperity," "£25,000 Jobs that go Begging," "The Science of Selling Goods," "Titled Women Who Are in Business," "Industrial Canada as England Sees It," "What Germany Can Teach Us," "The Life Story of a Buffalo," "How Money Carries Poison," "The Circulation of British Journals," "Cutting Down Electric Light Bills," etc. There are many other features, bright and impressive, which will please "busy men." The March number of The Busy Man's Magazine is certainly well worth perusing.

George Meredith recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, and the English press has been full of appreciative comment regarding his work. The Times says: "It is chiefly as the poet of youth that Meredith will live, using poet in its largest sense; for in his novels come the richest outpourings of his pride in the heritage of humanity. He has earned this title by no weak surrender to the charm of youth or even as the creator of Richard Feverel, of Beauchamp, and of Harry Richmond, but also as one of the noblest writers on the young man's love; 'The trials of life are in it, but in a narrow ring and a fierier... The love that survives has strangled craving; it lives because it lives to nourish and to succor like the heavens.' And again as a poet of youth Meredith is above all wholesome for the noble women whom he has portrayed. No other novel writer has had the same chivalrous belief in women, or has shown so limpidly the clear beauty of a fine woman's courageous nature. We do not attempt here to set forth critically the debt which England owes to her greatest living writer of prose; but with his many admirers we rejoice that he has lived to so green and so buoyant an old age."

Lovers of Dickens will be glad to know that the Dickens Memorial Library has been established with all due ceremony at the Guildhall in the city of London, and will be preserved by the corporation. Among those present were grandchildren of the great author, and Mrs. Ritchie, daughter of Thackeray. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Mr. J. C. Parkinson and other young men who were friends of Dickens were also present. The Lord Mayor formally accepted the library on behalf of the corporation, and speeches were made by Lord James of Hereford, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. Frederick Harrison, Sir John Hare and others.

The Prayer.

OF Them that sit within the Gate
I ask no guerdon but a goal,
When I put up my pray'r to Fate,
'Tis not for fame or lettered scroll.
Hearken, O High Gods, what I ask:
Give me some vain and splendid task.

Set out of reach some gleaming prize,
Beyond the effort of my hands,
Make hard the way and let my eyes
Alone possess the sacred lands;
O let your servant strive in vain,
Give him to see but not attain!

Grant him to hold his stubborn way,
Unchecked, along the great white road,
With dreams to friend and pride as stay.

And Faith, the splendid spur, for goad;
Send that he seek and never know,
But eager and insatiate go.

So shall your servant better serve,
Than if, content with mean desires,
He let his feeble footsteps swerve
Aside and caught at fatuous fires,
Or grasped the prize and held it fast
To know it pinchbeck at the last!
—Austin Philips in St. James's Budget.

IF for ten years the ministers of the United States would enter into conspiracy to refute—not by denials, but by visual disproof—that mean slander, "The Lord's call is always where the biggest salary is," they would multiply the moral power of their profession beyond all estimate. So says the editor of the Chicago Interior, in reviving the old discussion concerning ministers' salaries. But he suggests a new way of regarding the subject. He points out that responsibility in the matter ought to be divided between the preacher and the people. Here is his viewpoint:

"There is real virtue in preaching for small salary to people who have little money to pay, but no virtue at all in preaching cheap for a church that could pay a worthy recompense."

"The beauties of sacrifice appear to best advantage when properly distributed—to the clergy and the laity 'share and share alike.'"

"No honest minister wants to live better than his people. The true servant-spirited man will be very

Come and See
Simpson's Millinery

A LADY was entertaining a friend from the West last week. Afternoon teas, theatre parties, and trips down town filled up a busy six days.

When Saturday came and it was time to think about farewell, the hostess said: "Now, is there anybody we have missed that you want to see? Any place you want to go before you leave? We've got one whole day, let's make the most of it while we are together."

The guest, without a moment's hesitation, replied enthusiastically: "Let's go down and see Simpson's millinery again."

Like a woman, wasn't it?

We want to say once more, however, that ladies are welcome to visit our Parisian Millinery Exposition EVERY DAY. Come over and over again. It's the only way to form a true idea of what you want. The oftener you come the better you will appreciate that subtle quality which distinguishes Simpson's Millinery. You are welcome always. So come as often as you care to.

Simpson's Idea About Dress Goods

THE common store ideal is to show "popular" goods in great quantity. The expensive store's ambition is to show "exclusive" goods at prohibitive prices.

Simpson's idea comprises neither one nor the other. So far as "popularity" means vulgarity we care nothing about it. In so far as exclusiveness means mere extravagance we pay no respect to it. Our idea is simply this,—good taste.

We find that good taste can be exercised within moderation as to price. We find that by care and expert choosing we can get nice fabrics just a little different from the common and pay no more for them. Our Dress Goods Department is the finest in Canada. It has been built upon that idea—good taste at moderate prices.

The New Dress Silks for Spring

A DISPLAY of Beautiful New Dress Silks for early Spring wear in the main aisle of our Silk Department. New Foulard Tussock Silks in handsome Oriental designs, stripes, spots, etc. Rich shadings, pretty color combinations.

Colored Pongee Silks in a complete range of colors, all the new Spring shades—Copenhagen, Alice and cadet blues. New browns, tans and greens. New blues, mauves, etc. Figured and striped Chiffon Taffeta Dress Silks in the new Spring shades. Handsome designs and beautiful two-tone stripe effects.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED

Correct Dress Indicates Good Taste
and Often Prosperity

The authentic and approved styles for the present Spring and Summer Season 1908 in

LADIES'
Tailor-made Garments

have been determined, and Fashion has decreed that tailor-made effects will be the proper styles. A cordial invitation is extended to inspect the new exclusive designs, materials and trimmings.

My great success is due to the fact that I produce costumes and coats according to the latest styles, tastefully designed to meet the requirements of exact individual figure, which assures perfectly-fitting garments that show graceful lines. The quality of materials and trimmings and the workmanship are the best that can be had.

I respectfully solicit your patronage, and guarantee satisfaction in every respect.



The Metropolitan Ladies' Tailoring Co.
768 Bathurst St., near Bloor St., TORONTO

ready to live in a shack—in the midst of a settlement of shacks. But living in a shack and preaching for a people who live in mansions is a different proposition, and it is no wonder that ministers revolt at it. There is no other hardship equal to the hard-

ship of constant unfavorable comparison with your neighbors, and since it is an utterly needless hardship, and a useless one to boot, the church which imposes it on its preacher convicts itself of stone-heartedness and no imagination."

SPORTING COMMENT

THE steady decline in significance and general interest that has marked the history of the Stanley Cup matches for the past few years, has just about arrived at its legitimate and logical conclusion. Barring accidents, the Wanderers will be again called upon to defend the cup, and to date they have received challenges from the Maple Leafs, of the Manitoba League, and the Torontos, of the Ontario Professional League. It was not the intention of the donor of the trophy that it should be striven for by the winning teams from three leagues of paid hands, but that is the exact state of affairs at the present moment. Under existing conditions, neither Toronto Varsity nor the 14th Regiment, of Kingston, champions of their respective leagues, would be seen in the same street with the mug, and it is this practical exclusion of enthusiastic amateurs from the cup competitions that has brought this trophy into such scant esteem. Down Montreal and Ottawa way, where the cup is doomed to reside, there is some slight pretence that the competition means something, but that attitude is not shared to any great extent by the public, who see in a challenge only the opportunity to witness more hockey than the regular season calls for. Sectional feeling and local pride, which go so far to produce enthusiasm, are present only in limited quantities when the competing teams are recruited from all over the country, and because of this, as much as any other reason, the Stanley Cup has lost its significance and any ability to produce sustained interest. This is, of course, without prejudice to the quality of play or the personal excellences of the players. The man who claimed that the champions of the Eastern Canada Hockey League could not handle the thorniest proposition that ever came in over the C. P. R. would run the grave danger of having a commission in lunacy appointed to sit on his case, but the fact remains, that under the present irksome conditions, there are a couple of pretty classy teams who would not, for all the ornate emblems in the country, imperil their status by a contest with the holders of the cup, present or prospective. This attitude is neither craven nor "snooty," but just the result of a level-headed consideration of the future.

It is evident, then, that the occasion is ripe for the institution of a new trophy. The much-travelled Stanley Cup has been sacrificed to Mammon, and a new cup, shield or what you will, hung up for competition between teams whose amateur qualifications are beyond question, and who have some connection other than financial with the district they represent, would give the champions of the principal leagues something to look forward to after the regular season was over.

SINCE the above was written the trustees of the Stanley Cup have sent an open letter to the various hockey authorities, which lays down a few restrictions that will govern cup contests after this year.

These belated instructions, coming as they do at the tail end of the season, quite effectually save the face of the teams most likely to be affected. For instance, we read: "The trustees of the Stanley Cup beg to say that, after the present season, they will not consider eligible to play in any challenge match for the Stanley Cup, any player who has appeared on more than one team during a season, whether of his own or any other league."

This is very comforting, but it will change the manner, not the matter, of future negotiations between players and clubs. The farcical interchange of players from one club to another for the sole purpose of scouting expeditions in search of the cup, has evidently just been brought to the notice of the trustees, or else their sense of humor has been under a temporary eclipse, for everyone else has been sniggering over this very thing for a year past. It may be that in their respect for the conditions of the deed of gift, they hesitated to lay ruthless hands on it and formulate a few extra specifications to suit conditions as they arose, but now that they stand trembling on the brink, why not go the whole distance, and have the entire smelly business revised, so that it will no longer be a big joke in the eyes of the public? The cup is irrevocably given over to the interests of professional hockey, but that does not necessarily mean that it cannot be competed for on the

level, and the only way to ensure this is to lay down iron-bound restrictions as to residence, such as prevail in N. L. U.

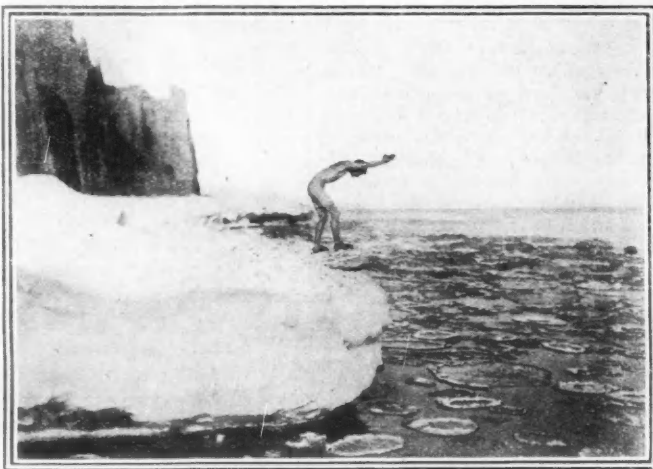
Meanwhile we cannot forgo the indulgence of a hoarse but distinct laugh at that sop to Cerebus, "after the present season."

THE Canadian Amateur Wrestling Championships, which take place in Association Hall on March 20 and 21, should be decidedly interesting this year. The boost that the Central Y. M. C. A. wrestlers gave the game by their showing at last year's tournament has brought out a number of promising men this winter, and if the silver trophy given to the club making the highest number of points gets away from the Central boys there sure will be some strenuous wrestling.

TOMMY BURNS' recent challenge to fight three Englishmen in one night has aroused the ire of the London Sportsman, which calls Tommy down quite a few for such an unsportsmanlike def. According to the Sportsman's way of thinking "such tactics are not sports and

mandate was issued prohibiting all of the Canadian entries, with the exception of Jack Tait, Bobby Kerr, and Kerr's team mates for the relay race, from competing. "Chuck" Skene and Jewell, the West End walkers, who are club-mates of Tait, and Ralph Bowron, a clubmate of Kerr's, together with the Royal Canadian team were barred. Tait is about the only man in the bunch who has competed against Longboat and according to some of Sullivan's rulings lately should have been the only one barred. But he was billed for the principal event of the evening, a three-mile match race, and was granted a permit. Kerr is always an attraction in Buffalo, although they are now beginning to get his measurement in the handicap, and, together with the other members of the Hamilton relay team, were of some importance in promoting the evening's sport.

If there is any logical explanation why those boys took the stand they did and competed, when the A.A.U. put the blanket over their clubmates and fellow members of the C.A.A.U., will someone please spring it? If Canadian athletics are to be freed from the meddlesome Mr. Sullivan, the athletes will have to stand together. It's the one best bet that Sullivan sure had one hearty guffaw when he heard how things were go-



WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

The Ice Bather.—From photo made at Scarboro Heights, Feb. 24.

would only degrade and place in peril the sport of boxing, which with great difficulty has been raised to the position of a legal pastime."

Well, perhaps Tommy should have kept that challenge away from the light. He is doing well enough and should be satisfied as long as the fraternity are willing to be separated from their coin to see him put it over England's scrappers, at intervals of a month or two. But the Sportsman doesn't need to get huffy about it. 'Twas only as far back as Dec. 2, 1901, that Kid McCoy, whose frail physique gave him anything but the appearance of a pugilist, undertook to whip two Englishmen in four rounds each and although he succeeded, putting Dave Barry away in two rounds and Jack Scales in one, Jack Madden, who was at the ringside, thought more of his own pugilistic abilities than he did of McCoy's and stated that no blooming Yankee could put him away in four rounds. McCoy was willing to try; Mr. Madden entered the ring and got his good and plenty. McCoy played with him for three rounds and at the beginning of the fourth informed him that this was where he got it, passed over a haymaker and Madden's views on the boxing game were somewhat enlarged.

Burns wanted ten rounds for each man and a rest between each bout, which is vastly different from the task McCoy undertook, enlarged and got away with. Judging from the ease with which he is winning his engagements, the Canadian wasn't trying to hang any bluff and is confident that he would be successful.

BOSS SULLIVAN'S ruling in regard to the eligibility of the Canadian athletes who were billed to compete at the 74th Armory in Buffalo last Saturday is quite in line with his erratic actions since last fall, when the C.A.A.U. refused to accept his ruling in regard to Longboat.

While Mr. Sullivan's behavior is ludicrous from the Canadian viewpoint, how it must have tickled him to have things come his way as they did Saturday evening. By some funny process of A.A.U. juggling a

ing according to his wishes in Buffalo.

King Edward has never excelled at games, which were not nearly of so much importance in the days of his youth as they are considered to be nowadays. Football he has never played, and as a young man his leisure hours were mainly divided between riding, shooting and yachting. Golf is the only game which he has really taken up with any enthusiasm, and this he still plays occasionally at Sandringham.

A good story is told regarding his first game of golf. His Majesty was attending classes at Edinburgh University when, escorted by Sir James G. Baird, he visited the links at Musselburgh. Tom Brown, a famous caddie of the older school, carried the Royal clubs, and on one of the greens his Majesty gave the ball a push instead of the legitimate stroke. This was too much for the caddie, and Brown reproved his Royal employer in the free language of the links. Sir J. G. Baird told the caddie that he must be more guarded in his choice of words, to which Tom, to the immense amusement of the King, at once retorted: "His Royal Highness maun learn, for if he had done that in a match he would have lost the hole."

The first play written by an American produced in the United States, according to the Philadelphia Public Ledger, was the tragedy, "The Prince of Parthia," by Thomas Godfrey, which was brought out at the South-west Theatre in the Quaker City in April, 1767, by Lewis Hallam's company, the first organization of players to visit Philadelphia. Godfrey was an ambitious young poet, who died at an early age. His play was above mediocrity, and an important part of the volume of his works published in 1765.

A LENTEN COMFORT.

If during Lent you have sworn off all whiskeys, do not forget that your old favorite mixer, radnor, mixes capitably with milk, and is a most refreshing drink alone.

Radnor is no cure-all, and is not

THE ELLIS MFG. CO. LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

advertised as such, but it is a perfectly pure water, carefully bottled at its uncontaminated source in the heart of the Laurentian Mountains. Drink radnor, Canada's first mineral water.

"You're right up against it," as the snow bank said to the locomotive.—Kincardine Review

BUFFALO AUTOMOBILE SHOW

Convention Hall, Buffalo, N.Y.

March 9th to 14th, 1908

UNDER THE COLLEGE ELMS

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

"YOU mustn't take my word for it," Price was saying. "I have only heard the current talk. Everybody seems to know that Ritter is to be made Associate Professor and that you remain Instructor as you are, but then everybody may be wrong. No one hopes so more earnestly than I."

"I wouldn't have thought that old Baldwin had so much influence," Allison said bitterly; "but I knew very well what he would do. Ritter walks in his footsteps as accurately as if he were a machine that Baldwin had made to drag behind him."

"That is an undeniable virtue in an underling," Price commented, drumming on the arm of his chair.

"Yes, and I wasn't born to be an underling," Allison declared with a flash of rage, flinging himself across the room.

"I think I am sorry I said anything. I may be wrong, and then you'll have had all your disappointment for nothing. I wish I were good at the cheering-up business, but I'm not, and so I can't be any further use to you, I suppose."

From the head of the stairs he called back a word of advice, "You'd better go out and make sure that I haven't been drawing on some one's imagination."

Allison shouted out to him a qualified agreement, and then flung himself into a chair by the table. He heard the front door close behind Price, and the sound was an intensification of that sense of isolation in which the feeling of unalterable failure plunged him. Since the beginning of the year, he had confidently expected a raise in salary. He had reached the point where the enlargement of his income, at least, seemed an imperative necessity. He must marry this year, if he was ever to marry Norma Thrale. Nothing but the immediate prospect of their marriage would keep her from going half way round the globe before the students had flocked back to the old halls in September. Then he might hope to follow after her and bring her home again as vainly as a baby stretches his hands out for the moon. In his imagination he saw her in another world, surrounded by other friends, absorbed in other interests to which he would always be a stranger, wooed by other lovers whose pleadings would be no less eloquent than his, drawn by other pleasures beside which all that he had to offer must seem stale and meaningless. He could not possibly expect her to marry him on a salary of seven hundred dollars, and to let her go—that was a possibility the thought of which numbed his faculties as terribly as the sure approach of the hour of execution to a condemned man.

When he had ceased battling with the numbing certainty of disaster, his mind went back over some of the trivialities of misfortune through which he had made his way to this finality of defeat. He remembered a restaurant at which he had eaten a few times during his student days when he had been under the necessity of making ten cents pay for a meal if he could. A healthy appetite then had enabled him to disregard the dirtiness of the dishes, the coating of greasy moisture that made the knives and forks a disgust to his hands, the slovenliness of the waiter, and the too unmistakable signs of worse than careless housekeeping on everything. That was the price that he had been brave enough to pay that his brain might be properly equipped for its work, but he had not known at the time that he was to pay it forever in a shivering of loathing whenever the memory came back. He had not known that he could never put the foulness of the fly-specked sugar bowl permanently out of his sight, that he could never forget that he once suspected the waiter of putting ice into his tea with a hand unspeakably foul, that he could never really escape the presence of the young fellow who sometimes sat next to him at the table eating in his shirt sleeves and sipping his coffee with a noisy energy that would have made a decent drove of swine at the trough ashamed.

It was not the will with which he tried to shake off the disgust of all this that turned his thoughts to Professor Baldwin. He remembered a later day when they two and Archibald Ritter had taken dinner at a country hotel after a day spent tramping the woods together. He was very hungry, but Baldwin, picking up one of the cheap spoons on the table before them, remarked that the brown discoloration on it looked a great deal like tobacco stain. He ate the abundant meal with hesitant loathing, he remembered, and since then he had not been able to work in any spirit of genuine accord with his superior. Indeed, he had more than once raised the question whether it was not necessary for a college professor to be a gentleman, and every time he raised it he felt more and more certain that there ought to be no place in a university for a man like Baldwin. In his way, he was a good biologist, perhaps. He could accumulate facts. He could analyze and systematize facts even, and there was no denying that he had the faculty of pounding his facts into others; but he stopped there. He did no thinking that a rational mind could call thinking. He stimulated none in the students. He had no intellectual interests beyond the narrow range of his own subject and his own limited apprehension of what it offered for the mind of man. He had no imagination, and it was impossible to conceive that he could ever appreciate or understand the distinction between knowledge and culture. His limitations were so absolute that he had no more consciousness of them than the ox that grazes in the pasture and thinks that eating and sleeping make up the sum of all living.

It was upon this man that he must be dependent, he thought bitterly, a man who could no more measure him than he could weigh the glory of the heavens. It was to the chance of his favor or his encouragement that he must look for the promotion that should mean happiness and the fulfillment of the meaning of life. His were the instincts of a gentleman, and every sensitive nerve of his being was to be tortured by the enforced contact with the alien and the boorish and the vulgar. He would fling it up, every last item and interest of the whole life. The paper that he was writing in presentation of some recent investigations that he had been making should be tossed into the fire. Every note and record of the work should be destroyed. The reading that he was doing in preparation for a new course the following year should go no further than the page at which he stopped last night. He would sell the natural birthright of his ambitions and his abilities to any one who would offer him a sufficient compensation in an occupation that would not make him utterly ashamed to look into Norma's eyes with the story of his surrender to the hard tyranny of his love and his failure and his need. He picked up his coat from a chair and drew it on. He turned the gas low, and then, deciding that he should be gone all the evening, he turned it out altogether with a quick will and went on down and out upon the street. He had no place to go, nothing to take him anywhere. A fleeting thought of Norma crossed his mind, but he could not go to her now with the disappointment of the expectations that he had offered her as a lover's promise a hundred times. There was no one else to whom he could expose the hurt of it, no one else whom he could be willing to see and talk with until the hurt was less.

Walking almost unconsciously of his steps, he at length found himself turning up the familiar walk into the campus. It was as if he had sought food for his self-pity in the associations that had nourished the vain hopes of his life. Under this tree he had first seen Norma when, in the second week of the first year of his teaching, he was going to an afternoon class thinking of nothing but the subject that he was to present during the hour. It was then her senior year, and he knew at once by the way in which the two young men and the girl whom he had already met grouped themselves about her that it was she, the girl of whom they had all unceasingly talked. She was seated on the boulder left by the class of eighty-three, and he remembered it as a strange thing that he felt at once a throb of jealous anger for Nelson Taylor, who stood against the tree and was looking at her with smiling admiration on his handsome face. He remembered, too, that the day was warm and sunny, that she was dressed in the full white of summer, and that on her hair had fallen from a branch above her an oak leaf curling into the red glory of autumn.

He stopped for an instant, and then went and leaned on the stone, lost in the remembrance as in that of a grace and beauty of an Arcadian spring-time too sweet and wonderful to last. It was dark on the campus and he was quite alone, but light was streaming from one of the society halls. A male quartette was singing and he listened for a moment, feeling that the joy of youth and its fellowship was but a further accentuation of his separation from every possibility that had set itself before him with promise. Would any of the boys care, he wondered, if he should not come back to the class-room in September? After all, one could not expect students to be competent judges of their teachers, and perhaps in their eyes he seemed a man of no finer qualities than Baldwin

or Ritter. They would accept the decision of the constituted authorities against him, and in another year he would be forgotten, while they smiled at Ritter's heavy humor and accepted his equally heavy scholarship as inspired wisdom. So let it be. He was going to forget them, too, and give himself up to new ideals, new purposes, and new associations in a new world. He rose with a fresh energy of renunciation and went on across the campus.

He passed out of the shadow of Nevins Hall and came into a flood of light pouring out of the windows of the rooms occupied by the Apollo Society. He remembered that it was the night for orchestra practice, but he observed at once that the violins an horns were scattered on chairs and tables and that the men were not practicing. They would take them up again in a moment, however, he thought, and there was nothing in which he could better lose himself than in their playing. They would give him welcome, he knew, and during the pleasure of a piece or two, Trimble would doubtless let him have his trombone. He went around to the entrance and up the little flight of stairs inside to the door. In the little hall he paused. The door was ajar, and through it the excitement of their talk came out to him. As by intuition, he knew that they were talking of him before he had consciously put their words together into understanding. Then he heard Allen's voice above the others, and now he distinguished the words as well as the note of indignation.

"If that's the way they're going to treat me like Allison, I'm not coming back here another year."

"Oh, there's graft in a university just as there is in politics," said someone else. "You can't make a man honest by putting him on a board of trustees or turning him into a college professor like old Baldwin."

"Never mind about your moralizing now but sign this petition. If it does not help the president to see the head of the biology department from a new angle, I've been tremendously deceived in men ever since I was a freshman."

Landress, the last speaker, was his friend, Allison knew, and the petition that he was circulating was doubtless in his interest. He could not go in and surprise them in the midst of that kindness. He did not feel comfortable out there listening to their talk. He was about to go away, sneaking catlike into the dark again, when one of the boys held his attention and made him pause, bending back more securely out of sight behind the door.

"Every one of us must go around getting signers for this in the morning. If we try, we can have the names of nine-tenths of the students by ten o'clock. There isn't a boy in school who won't sign for Allison, and if there is, we'll advise him to leave."

Allison felt himself shaken by a great thrill of surprised joy. It was not uselessly, after all, that he had sometimes given his time and himself, too, to the boys and their interests, that, in the class room and outside of it, he had been sometimes more than a dry-as-dust scholar. A mist came over his eyes and a clutch to his throat. He was afraid that they would hear his breathing and the beating of his heart. He was glad when the player of the bass viol began tuning his instrument. He had liked the fellow less than some of the others, but now even the raucous, tuneless shudders of the heavy strings under Barton's hands touched a fiber of warm feeling in him so that he would have been glad to go in and somehow pour his heart out to him in the joy of fellowship. It came upon him almost as a fear that he should do something as unreasonable as that. It was not unusual for him to spend an hour with the boys during practice, but to-night he felt that he could not make one of them in the old fashion. Neither could he stay where he was and be quiet. He must get away, and under cover of the growing noise, for now a violin was squeaking itself into the possibility of harmony, he slipped along the hall and out into the night.

His first impulse was to go and see Norma, but he did not yield to it. The enthusiasm of the boys would not go far toward enabling him to offer her a home. With her, he could not escape the thought of that, and now there was room in his heart for nothing but the fresh joy and the fresh courage that they had given him. He turned into the path that took him into the darker parts of the campus. With so much to think of, he wanted to be alone. There were compensations, after all, but were they sufficient? Would this warmth of fellowship that fed his heart-bunger now, feed it still in a year when, in his hours of loneliness, he should think of Norma surrounded by strange lovers in a world so far away that he could never enter it and she would not come back? For the mo-

ment, it did not matter, even though the question should wear a different aspect to-morrow. He was full of the strength and the joy and inspiration of the unexpected revelation. The life that he was living was grown suddenly dear to him in all its little details and associations so that even Baldwin and Ritter shared in the halo of regeneration and for once seemed almost lovable.

He was startled at seeing a figure before him in the path. It was President Sargent, whom he could have wished not to meet. He thought at once that he might pass by him without being recognized, but just as he had begun to feel secure in that hope the President spoke.

"Is that you, Allison?"

"Yes."

"I have been wanting to see you. The board left your affairs as they have been, this afternoon, but they will not be left so forever. We appreciate your work, and I am sure that your time will come."

He did not say, as he might have said, that the board had asked for Professor Baldwin's resignation and that at the June meeting Allison was to be elected to his place. The board wished and he wished to help Baldwin make the appearance of having resigned voluntarily, if he could.

"I can wait," Allison said, surprising himself with the confident agreement in his voice.

Perhaps it was recognition of this that prompted President Sargent to speak in a tone of closer confidence.

"I am sure, too, that the time will not be long, not so long as you may fear."

Allison felt a hand on his shoulder, and it helped him to answer with a more responsive appreciation of the kindness. "It will do me a great deal of good to believe it." Then he turned away, taken out of his sense of wrong by this last sympathy of his chief, shaken to the depths of his being by the stirrings of a sweet and strange kinship in the human lives about him, lives whose truer pulse-beats he had never known so well before.

It was late when he got back to his room, and, when he had lit the gas, he looked down upon the paper that he had meant to throw away lying upon the table. Again he seemed to see the way that stretched before him clearly, and though it was a long way, his heart was ready for it. He took up the loose sheets and ran over the last page, making ready to work upon it again. That was the thing that Norma would expect of him, however difficult the paths through which he might so have to pass, and again the expectation was one that he was ready to fulfill.—From The Bellman.

When Fields Were Fresh and Pastures New.

Of all the men I never met Not one so gladly would I know

As Adam, Villa Paradise, The first estate in Apple Row.

For how delightful it would be Some private mental grounds to find

All dewy fresh as springing grass— Untrampled premises of mind.

Where only Eve and Nature caused The sweet reactions of a soul

Unweaved by all the sages' lore That bulges as the aeons roll.

Most truthfully might Adam say, "I think" and never once excite

The wonder if the thought were his Or shimmer pale of borrowed light.

"Oh, tell me, Adam," I would say (If such a tete-a-tete might be),

"Just what you think of women now, And what of your forbidden tree?"

And never once would Adam quote What Maeterlinck or Milton said:

But serve me fresh his own ideas Home raised in Fancy's fragrant bed.

But now, alas, where may I find A mind with grassy lanes and nooks

Untrampled by another's thoughts, Unmuffled by pedant books?

The mental rills of babyhood May scarce a single decade run

Ere tributaries they receive From every land beneath the sun.

I yearn to hear the ocean roll Without a single hint from Byron,

Nor use some other poet's ear To catch the sea notes of a siren.

I want to love and quite forget Ten thousand things that men have said

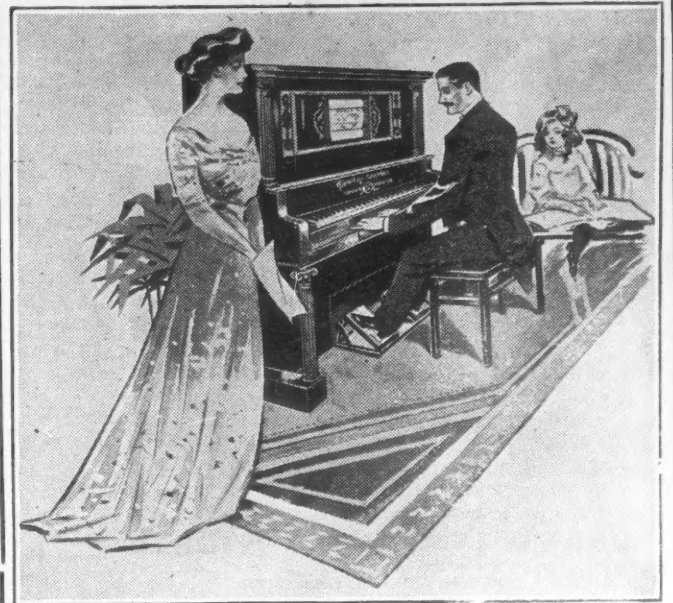
About its rainbow makeup fair, That hangs illusion o'er our head.

So fade away, old sages all, And leave me to myself awhile:

I'm fain to learn of Nature's self The Esperanto of her smile.

—Ellen Burns Sherman.

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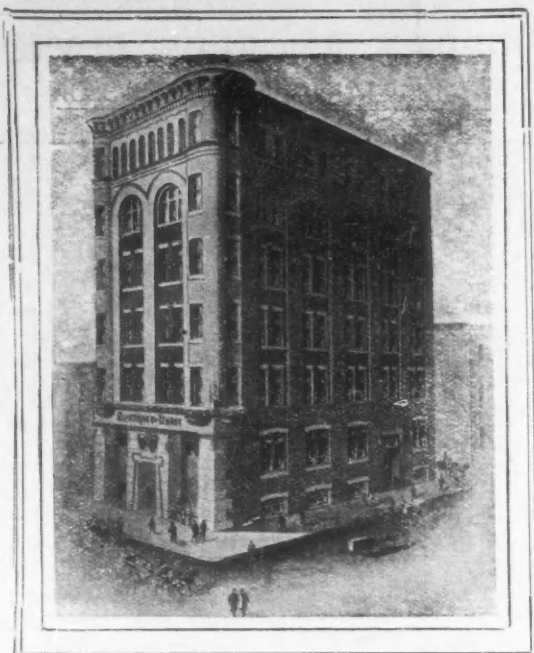
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!?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

A Few Tales of the Border.

SOME time ago a young fellow was brought up before the magistrates of a district in the English border (writes our Nova Scotia anecdotalist), charged with deserting his work on a certain farm, without giving due notice to his employer. On being asked what he had to say in his defence, he replied in the curious "minced Scotch" spoken by that hybrid race:

"Weel, they gied me nouit but brakeshaw to eat." Brakeshaw, it may be explained, is the flesh of animals which have died a natural death.

"How was that?" asked the magistrate.

"Weel, it was this way. Ye ken, the auld coo deed an' we ate it, the auld steg (gander) deed an' we ate it, the auld soo (sow) deed an' we ate it, the auld bubblejock deed an' we ate it. Then the auld woman deed—an' I left."

In the same district lived a curious o'd character, who, in his later days came to Canada and settled in the Western Peninsula. He was employed as cattle man on a farm belonging to a wealthy gentleman farmer, and his duties included the care of a valuable bull. One day the bull got loose and made a raid upon old John, who, armed with a pitchfork, executed a masterly retrograde movement to the "muck midden," where the bull, sadly encumbered with the softness of the ground, found his mobility greatly hampered, and was finally mastered without much difficulty. A few hours afterwards the mother of his employer, a pious old lady, said to him: "John, that was a very narrow escape. You should thank the Lord for saving your life."

"Hoot," snorted John contemptuously, with all the freedom of an ancient and privileged retainer, "if it had na been for that muck midden, a' the Gods in Heaven wadna hae saved me."

A highly respected divine in Nova Scotia recently made the following "break" in the course of an eloquent and pathetic sermon on the Prodigal Son: "I think, brethren, of the feelings of the father who had been keeping the fatted calf for years and years in expectation of his son's return."

.....

A Criminal by Choice.

THAT wholesale firms very frequently give young men detected in crime a chance to reform is notorious, and no doubt in many cases the youth having learned his lesson becomes a decent and reliable citizen, when he could have been turned into a professional criminal. Occasionally, however, failure to prosecute means the turning loose on the community of some criminal by conviction, who has made up his mind to live by ingenious fraud. A local instance may be related. A year or more ago a prominent wholesale jewelry firm received a telephone message purporting to come from one of their oldest and most reliable customers who did business in the western part of the city. The supposed retailer asked if they had a certain type of watch in stock. He had a customer for one who he was anxious not to lose, and if they had such a watch he would send a messenger to the warehouse for it immediately. The firm said they had one, and the phone message was so obviously that of a man who understood the technique of the jewelry business that when the messenger arrived the watch was handed over without suspicion. When the monthly statement was rendered to the retailer the watch was included on it, and the latter came down town to correct an error. He had

ordered no watch, in fact he had not had a customer for a gold timepiece in weeks. He had done no telephoning in the matter and sent no messenger for the watch. The merchant's honesty was indubitable and the firm decided to pocket its loss, and be more careful next time.

Some weeks later it was surprised to receive a telephone from a rival wholesale firm asking if they had sold such a watch lately. The reply was made that they had been robbed of one. They were told that it had been recovered and would be restored. Investigation revealed that the rival firm had had a young man in their employ who had been detected in an act of theft. His employers had had his room searched and in it had been found the watch in question, which the youth claimed to have bought. The company could not understand why, if he wanted to purchase a watch, he had gone to a rival firm whose goods they recognized, and made an investigation. On account of the excellence of the young man's connections he was not prosecuted, though he had used his knowledge of the jewelry trade to perpetrate a skilful fraud. Mercy proved no blessing in his case, however, for a fortnight or so ago he was sent to the penitentiary for conspiring to carry out an ingenious series of frauds of another character. He was obviously a criminal by choice, and with none of the ordinary incentives or excuses. Simply, he had resolved to live by his wits.



A House-Boat on the Plains.

IN the early days in the Canadian West the rancher or the homesteader felt quite free to leave his shack for days or weeks at a time, confident that on his return nothing would be found amiss—except, perhaps, that passing strangers had found shelter there for the night, and made use of the place as if they owned it. Such was the custom. But no damage could be done, and nothing would be carried off. Of more recent years a more mixed class of people have been entering the West, some of them unversed in those traditions of the plains in which the early comers took so much pride.

The new homesteader, if a bachelor, used to put in his time while doing his homestead duties, by working for a neighbor, during which time he might not visit his own shack for weeks. This shack of his was, perhaps, not large enough to contain a "four-poster" of our grandfather's time, and its furnishings were few and simple in the extreme.

There is a story told at Pincher Creek of a young bachelor, absent from his shack in this way, who discovered that his few possessions were rapidly disappearing—axe, sleigh, grindstone were gone. No doubt some of these things had been borrowed in good faith by neighbors, but it was bad form to take them in that way, and he decided that he must put a stop to it, and in order to do so he went "home" to sleep at night.

The first night was uneventful, but on the second he had a dream, in which he felt that he was on the sea crossing the rolling billows towards his English home. A noise awakened him, and his amazement may be imagined when he discovered that his residence was actually gliding across the prairie. Various wild theories flashed over his mind as he sprang up, but on looking out of his little window he found that a team of horses was rapidly hauling his shack away, the long grass serving almost as well as snow for the purpose. His indignation was great and just, and his first impulse was to take summary vengeance, but being a young man with a strong sense of humor, he threw himself on his couch and decided to wait until morning and see the strange adventure through.

At daybreak his shack ceased its long journey, and it was evident by the noises outside that it had reached its destination. Those outside imagined that this was to be its future site.

Then the door of the shack opened and the rightful owner stood there smiling cheerfully on two startled men who were unhitching the horses.

"Well, boys, you needn't unhitch here," he said, genially. "I'd planned to go to town this week. Won't you drive me on in while I get breakfast? You must be hungry."

At the Time of the Fenian Raids.

THE young Canadian who hears of the skirmishes in connection with the Fenian raid sees the parade once in a while of the "Veterans of '66," is inclined privately to smile over that campaign. But in reality the episode in Canada was but an offshoot of an enormous conspiracy which had it a leader of more determined character than James Stephens might have changed the course of history in the last half century.

Stephens, the noted Fenian leader, died at Buffalo a few years ago, and one by one the officers of the movement are dropping off. As they do so details as to the great plot which found its most tragic outcrop at Ridgeway, are brought to light. On February 5 there passed away in New York, so quietly that his death passed unnoticed in the daily press of the United States, a civil servant, who, in his time had been one of the military heads of the movement, and who was one of those prisoners at Manchester whose rescue was attended by bloodshed and subsequent hangings. Celebrations of the death of the "Manchester Martyrs" are still held in Irish communities. The individual in question was Capt. Thomas J. Kelly, and on the discovery of his death those journals which still cherish a dream of Irish independence, have revealed the part he played in the Fenian occurrences at the close of the American civil war. That the Fenian conspiracy was a much bigger thing than the Canadian of to-day imagines is obvious from the accounts of his doings in 1865 and 1866.

Kelly was a native Irishman and a printer by trade, who at the outbreak of the civil war was running a country newspaper in Tennessee. His sympathy with the union cause led him to go north and enlist. He speedily won promotion and in 1864 at the end of three years' service was mustered out with the rank of captain and the distinction of having been several times mentioned in the despatches for gallant conduct in action. Since 1857 the Fenian organization had been making progress in Ireland and America; the plan being to strike simultaneously by three methods, the rising of an armed Irish populace, the mutiny of Irish soldiers in British regiments and the occupation of Canada by the American Irishmen, who had no difficulty in obtaining arms or efficient officers. From the first there were differences between the Irish and American branches of the organization. The latter who knew what war meant thought that the Irish were ever

sanguine in their reports. Kelly, as an efficient soldier, was sent over to make a confidential report, and it now appears that he reported the Irish peasantry, though unarmed, to have been well drilled by moonlight organization. He remained as chief of staff in Ireland. The Irish soldiers of fortune were quietly coming home awaiting the conflict and the Irish rankers in the British army were ready to strike. There were, he reported, one hundred thousand English rifles in four governmental depots, the garrisons of which were largely Fenians, ready to seize them on a signal. One Irish sergeant of Engineers had offered to blow up the Woolwich arsenal. This condition he reported months before the British government began to make arrests. Kelly appears to have been one of those who favored rapid action, but there were others who wanted postponement. The result was that the British government began late in 1865 to lock up the American officers arriving in Ireland piecemeal. In addition the "American split" arose because of the delay and finally the ill-directed excursion into Canada, without co-operation, put a quietus on the whole business. Had the blow been struck in all three methods in 1865, the tale would have been more tragic.

A Dinner in the Early Days.

LAST week some account was given of the early poet of Upper Canada, W. A. Stephens, and one has since learned that he inherited his rhyming proclivity from his father. Eighty years ago John Galt, the founder of the distinguished family of that name was a notable figure in Upper Canada. He had come here from Scotland as an official of the old Canada Company and had already established a literary reputation not yet extinct in the Motherland as founder of what is known as the "Kail-yard School" of fiction.

It is related that somewhere about 1829 a meeting was held in the village of Streetsville to discuss the project of cutting a road straight across country, from the town of Guelph to York, (now Toronto), a scheme by the way, which was never carried out. Guelph had been founded by the Canada Land Company and Galt was present at the meeting. After the proceedings were over a dinner was held by the settlers present and after the cloth had been removed, speeches followed. The father of the youth who was to become the bard and singer of Hamilton's beauties delivered a speech on the literary talents of their distinguished guest and instanced as proof of his great popularity that one group of settlers had called a village after him (now the thriving town of Galt). He concluded by observing that he had been sometime since, jolting by the village of Galt, between Guelph and Dundas streets, in a waggon accompanied by some friends, when he composed and repeated to them the following lines, in reference to this subject:

Great names to little things are oft applied,
And some may call it vanity or pride;
E'en be it so—they never can be faulted
Who to immortalize their village, call it Galt!

This reads a good deal like the kind of poetry that adorns the poet's corner of the rural weekly, but Mr. Galt stood it well, for it is chronicled that "after the applause which this elicited had subsided, the guest of the evening observed that he was not aware of there having been a poet in the company."

Political Landslide in New Brunswick.

IN the general election held on Tuesday of this week the Liberal Government of New Brunswick, which has been in power for twenty-five years, suffered a smashing defeat. Premier C. W. Robinson won in his own constituency, but four members of his Cabinet were beaten, and the new administration will have over thirty seats out of a total of forty-six. At the last election thirty-five Liberals were returned, ten Conservatives and one Independent Liberal. The fate of the Robinson Government is something the same as that which overtook the Ross Government in Ontario. Such a sweeping victory for the Conservatives seems scarcely to have been expected, however. But it appears to be the general opinion that it was "time for a change." Of course the result is being interpreted in some quarters as a sign and a warning to Hon. Wm. Pugsley, Federal Minister of Works, who engaged actively in the campaign.



NEW BRUNSWICK PREMIER-ELECT.

John Douglas Hazen, leader of the Conservative party and Premier-elect of New Brunswick, is forty-eight years of age. He is a barrister, and, during practically his whole career, he has devoted himself largely to public life. He was mayor of Fredericton for several terms, and, removing to St. John in 1890, he was in the next year elected to the House of Commons, but in 1896 he was defeated. In 1899 he was elected to the New Brunswick Legislature, and became leader of his party in 1903.

Some New Stories of "Sam Slick."

SOME good stories of "Sam Slick," as the late Judge Haliburton is affectionately remembered by the Nova Scotians, still form part of the oral traditions of the good old province. The following (writes our anecdotalist) related to me at first hand, has, I believe, never before appeared in print:

When in attendance at court in Halifax the genial judge, who to the last years of his life retained the effervescent spirits of a school boy, invariably took up his quarters at a certain high class boarding-house, kept by a highly respected family of the name of Romans. The house for those days was well appointed and fitted up, but lacked one very important convenience. It had no bells. The landlord, a very worthy individual, was somewhat parsimonious and always refused to incur the necessary expense. The judge and other guests, as well as the tenants, had often grumbled over the matter, but to no purpose. Suddenly an effective and dramatic solution inspired him. He invited a number of gentlemen to dinner, in which the landlord, who was a personal friend of his, was included. When the company had assembled and were about to take their places the judge produced a key bugle, and blew a resounding blast, and then said: "I am sorry to say, gentlemen, that as we have no bells in this house I shall be obliged to call the servants in this way."

Dinners in those days were lengthy and elaborate affairs, and at the conclusion of every course the key bugle pealed forth. Possibly the servants were in the joke. Next day the bell hangers arrived.

Writing once to the same boarding house to enquire about rooms, the judge added the following postscript: "Why

is Judge Haliburton like St. Paul? Because he writes epistles to the Romans."

The man's load of fun was simply irrepressible, and bubbled up on every conceivable occasion. An old lawyer has told me that his trial of certain cases, especially a "horse transaction," as good old Thackeray calls it, are "as good as a play." The court room would resound with almost continuous laughter, in which often the defendants themselves would participate.

WORDS THE ONLY THINGS THAT LAST FOR EVER

M. R. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., made a charming speech before the Authors' Club of London the other day, and some portions of his address which are of general interest are here quoted:

Authors, I think, are upon the whole, a very fortunate class. The great mass of mankind pass their days in work, and it is only after their work in the field, or the mill, or the office, has been done that they find time to play. So many hours from every day of their lives have to be sacrificed to a tyrant thing called work—unwelcome, monotonous, and unremitting work. Not till that is satisfied is there room for recreation or for pleasure. That is the lot of the common run of humanity. The fortunate people in the world—the only really fortunate people in the world, in my mind—are those whose work is also their pleasure. The class is not a large one, not nearly so large as it is often represented to be; and authors are, perhaps, one of the most important elements in its composition. They enjoy in this respect at least a real harmony of life. Is not the author free, as few men are free? Is he not secure, as few men are secure? The tools of his industry are so common and so cheap that they have almost ceased to have commercial value. He needs no bulky pile of raw material, no elaborate apparatus, no service of men or animals.

And what a noble medium the English language is. It is not possible to write a page without experiencing positive pleasure at the richness and variety, the flexibility and the profundity of our mother-tongue. If an English writer cannot say what he has to say in English—and in simple English—depend upon it it is probably not worth saying. What a pity it is that English is not more generally studied. I am not going to attack classical education. No one who has the slightest pretension to literary tastes can be insensible to the attraction of Greece and Rome. But I confess our present educational system excites in my mind grave misgivings. I cannot believe that a system is good, or even reasonable, which thrusts upon reluctant and uncomprehending multitudes treasures which can only be appreciated by the privileged and gifted few. To the vast majority of boys who attend our public schools a classical education is from beginning to end one long useless, meaningless rignarole. If I am told that classics are the best preparation for the study of English, I reply that by far the greater number of students finish their education while this preparatory stage is still incomplete, and without deriving any of the benefits which are promised as its result. For every one who is permitted to ascend the slopes of Mount Parnassus there are twenty who famish in the deserts of conjugations and declensions without ever receiving the smallest practical advantage from many years of labor.

And even of those who, without being great scholars, attain a certain general acquaintance with the ancient writers, can it really be said that they have also obtained the mastery of English? How many young gentlemen there are from the Universities and public schools who can turn a Latin verse with a facility which would make the old Romans squirm in their tombs. How few there are who can construct a few good sentences, or still less a few good paragraphs of plain, correct and straightforward English. Now, I am a great admirer of the Greeks, although, of course, I have to depend upon what others tell me about them, and I would like to see our educationists imitate in one respect at least the Greek example. How is it that the Greeks made their language the most graceful and compendious mode of expression ever known among men? Did they spend all their time studying the languages which had preceded theirs? Did they explore with tireless persistency the ancient rural dialects of the vanished world? Not at all. They studied Greek. They studied their own language. They loved it, they cherished it, they adorned it, they expanded it, and that is why it survives a model and delight to all posterity. Surely we whose mother-tongue has already won for itself such an unequalled empire over the modern world, can learn this lesson at least from the ancient Greeks, and bestow a little care and some proportion of the years of education to the study of a language which is perhaps to play a predominant part in the future progress of mankind.

Frankly, I think that English boys should first of all be taught English, taught to write it, to speak it, to repeat by heart its poetry and its prose, to know something of its literature, to understand its strength, its history, and its origin; and it is to those who show real literary aptitude and elegant qualities of mind in the study of English that the ancient world should be thrown open, not as a drill or a drudgery, not as a dreary ritual binding on all alike, but as the reward of exceptional talent and scholarly inclination. That, I believe, would be the natural and harmonious method of procedure in regard to the study of our language by youth.

There is another point to which I wish to refer, though very briefly. I mean the guidance of our language by those who know it and love it best. The more I have been able to become acquainted with the work and influence—let us say—of the French Academy on French literature and French intellectual life generally the more I regret the absence in England of any body of equal effectiveness which could from year to year guide and improve the development of our English language without restricting its regular and natural expansion. And when we are menaced, as undoubtedly we are, by the horrible barbarous jargon of phonetic spelling, that evil progeny of slovenly and unprofitable haste, I think it is high time that English writers should be able to offer a corporate resistance to such dangerous and dismal tendencies.

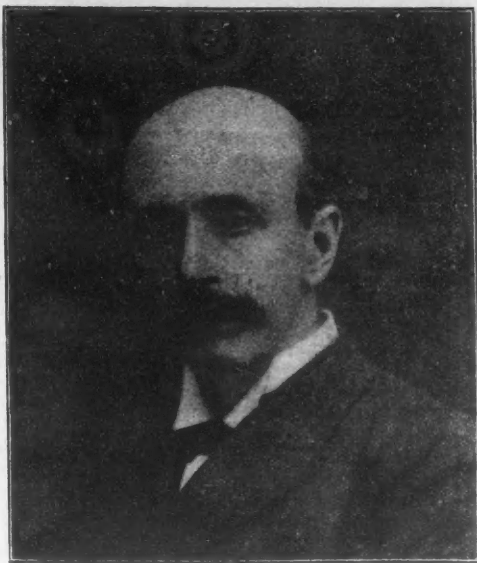
Someone—I forget who—has said: "Words are the only things which last for ever." That is, to my mind, always a wonderful thought. The most durable structures raised in stone by the strength of man, the mightiest monuments of his power, crumble into dust, while the words spoken with fleeting breath, the passing expression of the unstable fancies of his mind, endure, not as echoes of the past, not as mere archaeological curiosities or venerable relics, but with a force and life as new and strong, and sometimes far stronger than when they were first spoken, and, leaping across the gulf of three thousand years, they light the world for us to-day.

A TALK ON TABLE MANNERS

HOWEVER difficult it may actually be to state unpleasant facts, yet it is always easier to wrap them up in the middle of other words, so to speak, when you have become warmed to your work, than to start right off with a cold unpalatable truth. Yet I suppose I've got to say it somehow. It's this: We Canadians have no table manners. It's out at last, and now, brothers, throw the bricks. It's when we come to sit down to table that our ways get—er—Canadian. We don't wait to be asked; our ever-ready forks get busy at once. If the meat is not ready we begin on pickles or celery, or a few nuts, or an orange or an apple or so; should the sweets tarry we get on to crackers or cheese, or cookies and other light necessities. In fact, our chief pastime is chewing. I have been in France and watch Frenchmen feed. With napkins tucked all around their necks, for fear anything should get lost, they apply their utmost energies to the game, or rather to the business, for there is no playwork about French meals. A Canadian is satisfied to get all he can with his knife and fork without digging, but a Frenchman, who, by the way, eats bread by the yard, will, to please the French dishwashers, wipe his plate as clean as a Chinese laundry, before he will let go. I have seen Germans eat. Their mouths seem to be always full of caraway seeds and other oddments, and when the meal is apparently over, they still continue. After all, I've only met one really bad German—he was very bad—he was never even fairly good. Most of the Germans I have met, however, were rather nice. One I particularly remember—only, I rather think he was an American—was extra nice, and took me to dinner at the King's Palace. I recollect sitting at the same table for some weeks with a German who arrayed himself gorgeously in a frock coat and cummerbund each night. It happened that there were usually two of everything, and when he was asked if he would take a little more, he invariably chose "zee ozer one." But in spite of his peculiarities, he wasn't half a bad sort, and he once gave me a whole cent cigar that came all the way from his beloved Vaterland. After all, I suppose there are no people who feed so exactly as Englishmen. An Englishman never mixes up his courses and would, on no account, not on pain of death, take sweets before meat, or dessert before soup, in our promiscuous fashion. I once knew an Englishman who made a bet that he would eat his dinner backwards. He began with coffee, then dessert, then sweets, and then the meat came on and he was stuck. Now a simple thing like that would come quite easy to me; I would even eat candies and crackers between every course, if necessary, the main thing, of course, being the dinner. If I could only eat the chance of a dinner once every day, the variations wouldn't trouble me any.

The place most trying to table manners is aboard ship. A hot, fat, oily, joint of pork is brought in and the finest table manners are forgotten in an instant, and without apology, you make one wild, mad, rush to the broad blue sea. I was once given a marvelous example of table manners at sea. She was fair, so fair, and I rather think her eyes were made of blue brandy balls—I've never seen blue brandy balls, and I never tasted her eyes, but they looked just how blue brandy balls would look—and she was so young—not more than forty, is as much—I am reckoning by youthful months, not by wrinkled years, dearest and gentlest reader. Let me stop a moment and explain myself. I do not mean you, that is to say, we'll, not you, but I address these nice words to the gentle proofreader—not as a gentle re-proof-reader—but I drivel. So let us go back to the fair one of perfect table manners. She presided daily at our table, with perfect ease and grace, and though usually silent, would occasionally cheer us with a few inspiring words, though she didn't seem to care much for any of us. Personally, she might have trod on my neck, as I was and am her most ardent admirer, but if such an idea ever crossed her mind, it didn't seem to afford her any great or lasting joy. I have seen her since then, and she is quite as nice on shore as she was at sea. Talking of her reminds me of another dear and youthful shipmate. He must have been about 100 or 108. Again I speak in months and not in years, dearest and gentlest—you know who I mean this time. Now, if I could know that these lines would be read by the divinity in blue or the divinity in pale pink, or, indeed, the divinity in pale mauve, whom I saw, afar off, the other evening at the King's Palace with their uninteresting looking partners, I could use far softer and tenderer words. I don't know how it is, but male partners generally look uninteresting to other males. But I am wandering from my dear youthful shipmate of 108. This is no tale of the smooth, lounging sea, of many stewards, where deck chairs and dainty food are to be found, but of the hard, rough—very rough—sea, where the food is rough and the life is rough, and where all is roaring and hearty; where, if you can't eat hot fat pork without making faces, you had better get off and walk home. Well, for the first few days this gentle, tender boy persevered manfully against fearful odds in the perfect manner in which he had been bred, but on the third or fourth morning, I think it was, I observed him at breakfast digging his fishy knife, surreptitiously, into the butter. For my own sake I implored him not to do it again, but the habits of our surrounding tablemates grew too strong for him, and his fishy or porky knife was a ways in the butter so long as the voyage or the butter lasted. I wish I could describe him, but I can only remember his blue eyes and his smile—he had a smile on him as delightful as a dinner bell. Honored sir and gracious lady, I beg pardon for so vulgarly and so constantly referring to dinner, but the dinner proposition occupies most of my waking and sleeping thoughts. How I am going to get it, my waking thoughts, and when I've had it or when I haven't had it, my sleeping ones. As I said before, the main thing is the dinner. But to return to my shipmate. In like manner as his table manners decayed, so he began to grow black, he who was the picture of brightness and cleanliness; first his hands, then his face, and then the remainder of him. There wasn't much remainder, but what there was became gradually unfit for publication, so to say. Whether it was the stokehold, where he seemed to find his best and dearest chums, or the fo'c'sle, where he would play round simple sailor games with the deckhands, or whatever it was, all I know is that when I subsequently returned him in his unutterable condition to his sorrowing mother, she could hardly recognize her dear sweet son, who had left home such a few weeks before. That only shows us that the sea can play the mischief with our manners. And yet there are some people who fail in manners without having even seen the sea.

I can only say, in conclusion, with deep respect to you.



His Excellency Earl Grey

The Governor-General was the guest of honor at the annual banquet of the Canadian Press Association, at the National Club, Toronto, on Thursday night.

honored sir, and with deepest respect to you, gracious lady, that no matter the state of the weather, no matter the state of the pocket, and no matter the state of the—er—hinterland, I shall always contend that the main thing, after all, is the dinner.

T. TYN.

The Young King of Portugal.

From Current Literature.

KING MANUEL has inherited his mother's exquisitely sensitive mouth and her infinite distinction of figure. When not cruising about the Mediterranean or along the western coast of Africa, he has spent most of his leisure in her society except when he visited his grandmother in Spain. Among his accomplishments is that of horseshoeing, which he learned to please his mother. The Queen Amelie has a fine stable on her estate at Villavieja but she often complained that the Portuguese blacksmiths ruined the animals in it. Manuel, who has visited England with his mother, undertook to run a forge and he has made it his business to shoe her Majesty's favorite steed himself. She is the best horsewoman in the whole peninsula, Manuel having been taught to ride by his equestrian mother. She taught him likewise to play billiards, at which the Queen, it seems, is expert. Perhaps no son in the whole world to-day is so much under the influence of his mother in everything as is the new King of Portugal. He was to have accompanied his father on that grand tour to Brazil which was designed to be the South American event of the year.

Manuel II. can pass without difficulty for being amiable, like his late father, and, in a Portuguese sense, gentlemanly. The Portuguese character is noted for its refinement and for what old-fashioned novelists were wont to term sensibility. Gentleness is its "note" and King Manuel has that. But he has no taste for literature and the arts. This, opines the Paris Gaulois, may tell against the young monarch in so literary and so artistic a court as that over which the late Carlos held sway. Society at Lisbon, and Manuel must live in it if he means ever to rule, is extremely blue-stocking in a Latin, feminized way. At the court of Lisbon everyone tries to dazzle everyone else. There are innumerable men of superficial elegance, superficial talent and superficial science. Peers dabble in poetry, dabble in biology, dabble in culture. Nobody studies hard and all live high. The ladies are the best dressers in Europe and they expect their hands to be kissed by the men, who must go down on one knee when they do so. Manuel is not of this breed. He is the bonnie sailor boy type, laughing and vigorous, who has learned sincerity and bluntness in the navy. He would never dream of translating Shakespeare into Portuguese, as his father and grandfather contrived to do between them. Like his father, however, he learned very early to speak both English and French fluently, to say nothing of his native Portuguese and his second mother tongue, Spanish. He has his father's smile of good humored complacency and extremely blond hair, forming a fringe around the brow. But in most respects he is a great contrast to the unfortunate Dom Carlos.

Mr. Bryce's allusion in his speech at the Canadian Club banquet to tree planting recalls a beautiful old Talmudic story, which has an application to this country at the present time, says the Montreal Witness. A king travelling in the country saw an aged man engaged in planting a fruit tree. Accosting him, the king asked why he planted the tree, seeing that he would not live to enjoy its shade or partake of its fruit. The old man replied: "I have enjoyed the shade and partaken of the fruit of trees which were planted before I was born by men who have passed away. So I, in my day, plant trees in order that those who may come after me will have shade to rest under and fruit to eat and rejoice in the goodness of God and the wisdom of those who have gone before."

Mr. Winston Churchill has travelled far for a grandson of a Duke of Marlborough, says the Montreal Star. He declared the other day that "while he was not prepared to say that all should be equal, he was prepared to say that no one should have anything until everybody has something." This is an elevation of the rights of humanity over the rights of property that must have sent a shiver down the backs of the "party of property," which he left a few years ago. Continuing, he held that "the general trend of the Liberal policy must be increasingly to build up minimum standards of life and labor, and to say that above a certain level of decent comfort competition should be free; but below that level men should not be allowed to labor."

Says The Canadian Gazette: The enterprise of The Globe of Toronto has been proverbial ever since Canada was Canada for most of us. But it outdoes even its own past by the superscription it affixes to an excellent picture of the Under Secretary for the Colonies, closely followed by a lady. The superscription reads thus: "Winston Churchill and his Wife." We feel the glow of the Under Secretary's blushes.

Rudyard Kipling will, it is said, return to Canada this summer and spend his holidays in Prince Edward Island.

Spreading the Knowledge of Medicine

HOW strange it is that our schools devote time daily to religious teaching for the healing of spiritual aches and pains, and the bearing of (often unnecessary) crosses, and yet devote so little to giving the rising generation a safe, sensible and saving knowledge of the care of the body, and the uses of medicine. Still do we prefer to consider doctors as wizards, with a weird and wonderful knowledge peculiarly theirs, secret and subtle in its effects, and costing in the long run an enormous price—and sometimes doing little good. Ignorance of medicine and its usefulness belongs to the dark ages, and yet it still dulls us into a stupidity that is nothing short of criminal in these days of enlightenment and widespread effort to better living.

The Creator made our bodies of various elements—water, minerals, vegetables—at least, of the primary elements contained in these things. When our blood is red, it is full of iron; when we grow anaemic, it usually lacks iron. What I mean to convey by these school-boy statements is this: when any part of our system grows weak, it is lacking in some necessary element; an element its Creator meant it to have. Perhaps with our short-sighted human eyes we begin at the wrong ends of things in this paradoxical world, more often than the right, and perchance if we taught a school boy with a bad cold in his head that a good dose of acetic acid at its beginning would have prevented or cured it, we would be doing that boy more good than by getting him to read verses in the Bible teaching him how to bear the cold; to be patient with a running nose, to be brave with a stuffy head, to smile with watering eyes, to shout with glee in the midst of his misery, and shoulder his cold as if it were a cross!

There is an appalling amount of sickness and disease in the world. Thousands—probably millions—are struggling through life with half the energy they ought to possess. Many are weary from physical weakness (often inherited) who ought to be stumping the mountains with the abounding health of Samsons. Many are mental nonentities from the same cause—low vitality, sickly health and lack! many sturdily march on despite these things, without complaining of their daily wretchedness: they get used to it! A fact that casts a dark shadow over our proud civilization and progress, showing how near to the dark ages we are still in some things. Christ's life taught physical well-being; sound health was a part of His teachings; a part of the Bible's religion. Of this I am certain, that God meant every being to possess abounding vitality, inspirational health; it is no fault of His if we do not. That this age has yet done so little towards spreading the knowledge of medicine, and so much towards the encouragement of "slushy" patent medicines is a reflection on all of us who have the world's good at heart. The very demand for patent medicines proves the need for a right and helpful knowledge of the splendid healing remedies the Creator has placed in the mineral and vegetable worlds. And should not such knowledge be made familiar to the school-boy, as well as that we shall be brought through great tribulation to be made pure? We all know that good health is more than half the battle of existence. People with sound wholeness are usually the active, working, thinking, strenuous ones; or the gay, cheery sport-loving humans.

Neglected colds and aches, which a few doses of natural God-given remedies would cure—often permanently—sometimes lead to serious results; occasionally, if not frequently, to fatal results. We let our boys and girls grow up in utter ignorance of the one special knowledge that would make them robust men and women; and lack of which has so often led to early death, or life-long weaknesses.

The devil, or evil force, has invented no evil mental or physical, for which God, or the good force, has not a cure, or a palliative. If man has animal instincts, God gave him reason to use them temperately; will power to use them, or rid himself of them when he chooses; and faith in a higher use for his life to guide him evenly and truly through life. The evil force may have created consumption; but the good force made the sun, the pure air, the combating remedies, to fight it off in its earlier stages. The evil force may have invented cancer; but the earth is full of iron and sulphur and pure water. Fresh air, pure water, sunshine are everywhere; and yet we are only awakening to their wonderful uses. And still we groaning, agonizing, suffering mortals send our children to Sunday schools to learn how to be brave in endurance, like idiots we glory in our damnable (pardon) ignorance, and leave doctors and patent medicines to run their course, when knowledge might discourage the patent medicines, and leave the doctors free to study the many illnesses that are bound to come to humanity so long as sin and germs last—typhoid, diphtheria, deformities, etc.

We lie to a doctor for every petty ache, when with a small amount of knowledge we might cure ourselves, and leave the doctors to pursue ever deeper and broader studies in medicine. There will be ever new ideas, ever-growing knowledge of medicine and its uses, and doctors will be necessary till the millennium likely; but with a widespread knowledge the world might be made a healthier, brighter, better place. Children ought to be taught medicine in our schools, and it ought to come before geography, history, and other less necessary studies. Medicine and the Bible should go hand in hand, for the one counterbalances the other. Odd that we teach children that carbolic acid is a poison and will kill; when they grow up, if they are physically wretched, they may commit suicide with this fine piece of knowledge; yet we do not consider to teach them of the medicines that will heal the miserable mental and physical conditions! If a boy is born of consumptive parents (and consumptives still continue to marry) it will be little help to him, when he reaches manhood, as to whether Charles I. was beheaded or not; or whether Hong-Kong is in the East or West; but it will be of tremendous moment if he has been taught how to check colds, how to breathe, how to use fresh air to the best advantage, and how to supply the needs of his system with the necessary elements to keep it toned to its best. Whether Latin is a monkey, or a dead language, will be knowledge of small use to the lad of cancerous inheritance, if he grows up in ignorance of how to avoid its deadly development, and to lessen its power over him. No man is condemned to die of scrofula because his parents had it, any more than because a man's father was a drunkard, he must needs be one too. His opportunity to steer clear of its ghastly shoals lies in knowledge. But truly the world is full of millions of mortals—mostly fools! Fools of ignorance, neglect, backwardness.

Believe me, God means the good in life to conquer

the evil. He meant knowledge to destroy the deformities of ignorance; health to dominate sickness; the millennium to be the end of these direful days. There is a religion broader than pulpits, more subtle than stone walls, more joyous than Psalms, and higher than steeples—a religion of health, of understanding, of helpfulness, and abundant vitality of mind, body and soul. A religion to free childhood and youth from the thumb-screws and gridirons of ignorance, and lead them out into the world with the shield of knowledge to protect them.

These thoughts are no burst of enthusiasm, but a whiff from a cyclone of thinking, which has whirled into my life, through the stress of much difficulty, ill-health, effort and struggle. For I have known cloying weariness and weakness—years of it at one time. I have known the resultant depression. And, thank God! I now know what health and freedom mean—by a knowledge that might have been gained in a school.

In closing I wish to say that I am neither a doctor nor a nurse. I have had many and varied experiences in life; been in connection with missions to the sick; and seen the rich suffer as well as the poor. I do not wish my letter to be thought, in the least degree, a reflection on the medical profession, for I owe my present re-gained health and strength—indeed, my life—to two of the finest, kindest doctors in the Dominion of Canada; two men of long, deep, careful study and wide experience; two men who stand now at the head of their profession, and of whom I shall forever think with warm gratitude and deepest respect. I write this on behalf of those who are yet blind to their own good.

E. B. S.

Toronto, February 27, '08.

Switzerland, on the map, looks so very small that the average man, not intimately acquainted with the various points of interest, allots three or four days of his itinerary to the "Mountain Republic," notes The Argonaut. He has heard of the Matterhorn, and the Lake of Geneva, but he has only a hazy idea as to the location of these places. He is apt to pick out on the map two places to visit, which appear to be close together, but which are actually three days' travel apart—three days of travelling by coach and boat and mountain railway. In order to remedy this and to induce visitors to stay the ten days or two weeks which are regarded as the minimum time in which Switzerland can be seen to advantage, the Swiss government has established in New York an information office for the convenience of tourists. It does not sell tickets, and it will not conflict with the regular tourist agencies, but is merely for the purpose of supplying ideas and information as to the most convenient way to travel about Switzerland. One can find out anything here, from the proper fee to give a servant to the altitude of the Jungfrau.

The most distinguished figure in the Druce case, the Duke of Portland, has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday. The sudden transition when he succeeded to the title from comparative poverty to immense possessions left him unchanged. He took up the position of a great landlord and resolved to run his 300-square-mile estate on business principles and with a strict regard to the interests of his tenants and servants. At Welbeck may be seen an almshouse and school built out of money won by the duke on the turf as prizes, for he abhors betting. There are also model dairies, model workshops, and a model fire brigade. Forestry is also one of his chief concerns, for his estate includes nearly 10,000 acres of woodland. He is, above all, a good sportsman. He went in for racing, and ten years of it saw him the winner of two derbies in succession.

Writing in the London Morning Post, Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun says: It is to the best interests of Japan that she should not isolate herself by alienating those good opinions which she won by the correctness of her conduct as well as by the skill of her diplomacy and the force of her arms. She won the suffrages of the Anglo-Americans because she stood for the principle of equality of opportunity, and it was in this belief that they helped her to conclude the Peace of Portsmouth. The Open Door, with which is involved the real integrity of China, is our first and at present our only concern in the Pacific, and needs our immediate attention.

When the Bank of England note returns to the bank it is never reissued. It is cancelled by having the signature of the chief cashier torn off. After the signatures are torn off the notes are pricked off in the register and sorted into the dates of issue. They are then placed in boxes in the vaults, where they are kept for five years, after which they are burned in a furnace placed in a courtyard.

Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, prime minister of Cape Colony, which office he has held for three years, has resigned. Dr. Jameson is the famous Transvaal raider. He was elected to the Cape Legislature in 1900 and became premier in 1904. He was appointed director of the De Beers diamond syndicate in 1900 and of the British South African Company in 1902. He is fifty-five years old.

The San Francisco Argonaut remarks: It is a curious coincidence that Canada's greatest railroad man, Sir William Van Horne, is a native of the United States and that the greatest railroad builder of the United States, James J. Hill, is a native of the Dominion.

The Canadian steamship companies report an increase of over 30 per cent. in the transatlantic passenger business last year.



D'ARTAGNAN AND THE THREE MUSKETEERS.
A Snapshot in High Park.

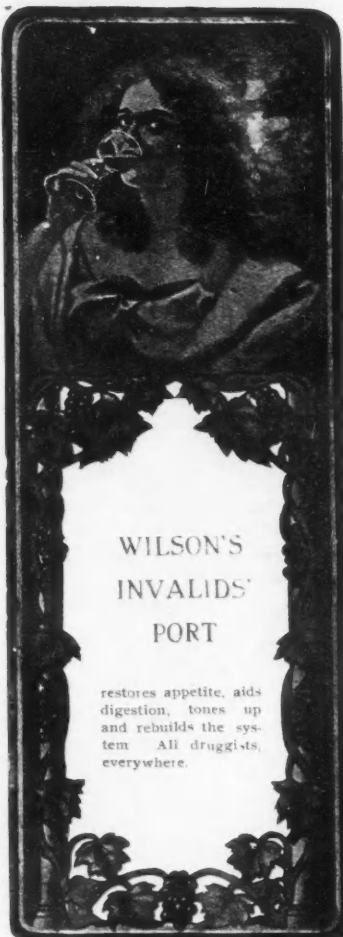
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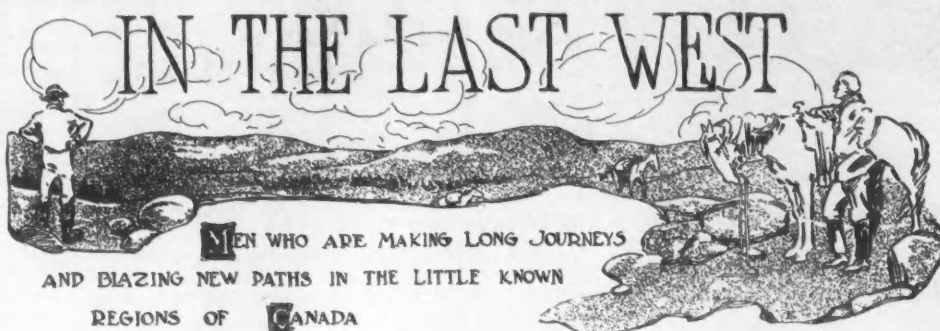
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"THE STORE THAT FITS THE FEET."

The consumption of tea in England increased from 1 1/2 million pounds in 1740 to 117 million pounds in 1870 and to 2,741 million pounds in 1907. In Canada, since the introduction of "Salada" Tea, the consumption of tea is increasing in a like ratio.

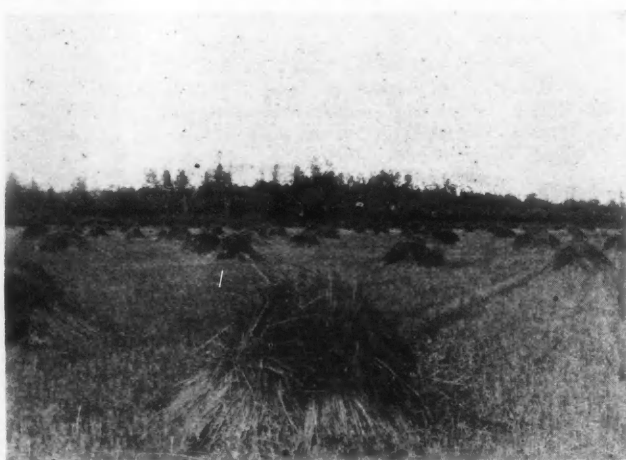
"Yes, Miss Roxley and I are strangers now," said Tom. "I've been asked not to call there again." "You don't say!" said Dick. "I suppose old Roxley had a hand in that." "Well—er—not a hand exactly."—Philadelphia Press.



MEN WHO ARE MAKING LONG JOURNEYS
AND BLAZING NEW PATHS IN THE LITTLE KNOWN
REGIONS OF CANADA

THERE is no longer any reason to doubt that the whole region to the north of Edmonton, known as the Peace river district, is a good country for agricultural purposes. Mr. Henry A. Conroy, of the Department of Indian Affairs, says: "I consider it as good as any settled. There is just as much there to be settled as there is now settled west of Winnipeg." According to another gentleman who has had exceptional opportunities for familiarizing himself with the country and its resources, there is in the Peace river section alone as much good agricultural land fit for settlement, and yet unsettled, as there is settled in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to-day.

The photograph on this page shows a crop at F. S. Lawrence's farm at Fort Vermilion, Peace River, Northern Alberta, 700 miles by trail from Edmonton. At Vermilion there has been a settlement for fourteen or fifteen years, and Mr. Conroy says that he has seen there some of the finest wheat that can be seen anywhere. Snow does not fall to any great depth in this district, and the climate is about the same as it is at Edmonton.



A Wheat Crop in the Far North
From a photograph taken at F. S. Lawrence's farm, Fort Vermilion, Peace River, 58.3° north latitude, Alberta, 700 miles by trail from Edmonton.

ton. The summers there are very fine.

Mr. Lawrence, a glimpse of whose farm is shown, grows No. 1 hard wheat very successfully. He has cut spring wheat fully matured in 86 days. The settlers at Fort Vermilion number about 500, and last year the total production of wheat was 25,000 bushels. Of oats and barley about 10,000 bushels were raised. Vermilion is 900 or 1,000 miles from the coast, and about half way between Hudson Bay and the coast; and as stated the settlement is 700 miles north by trail from Edmonton. Those who best know the conditions and possibilities of the region are of the opinion that there will, before many years, be a railway from Hudson Bay through the main part of the Peace River section to the coast, and that whatever is shipped from that country to Europe will undoubtedly go by Hudson Bay. A railway down to Lake Superior would involve an immense outlay, and the people in the Peace River district believe that the Hudson Bay route is a feasible one.

UNGAVA is a region of Canada's northland of which very little is known. Occasionally we hear a reference—probably a dull one—made to it by some explorer of the lecture platform type, but beyond that the district is merely a name, and a very unfamiliar name at that. Ungava lies north of the province of Quebec, and has a total area of 354,961 miles. Much of it is too cold and barren to be valuable for agricultural purposes, but it has large mineral and other resources. It possesses a belt of iron-bearing rock, probably 100 miles long and from 200 to 300 miles wide, and according to A. P. Law, director of the Geological Survey of Canada, the Labrador peninsula will in the future furnish a large part of our iron supply. Senator William C. Edwards, in giving evidence, from first-hand information, regarding Ungava, before the special Parliamentary Committee which has just investigated the resources of Canada's fertile northland, described the Grand Falls at Hamilton Inlet as "one of the best water powers in the world." It has

an enormous head, being a good deal larger than Niagara Falls, and having about nine million horse power. It has a very large and never failing water supply and from the fact that vessels can get right in there, and that there is a large area of pulpwood country there, the district is very valuable.

The boundary line between Ungava and the strip of Labrador over which Newfoundland exercises jurisdiction is not clearly defined. This part of Labrador is a strip along the coast, and a lawsuit is now pending as to the extent of Newfoundland's jurisdiction. The island government gave timber licenses, which are being contested by the Quebec government. Now that the value of this region in minerals and waterfalls has been ascertained, the Dominion authorities intend to press for a definite settlement of the boundary question.

SENATOR EDWARDS explained to the committee of investigation that his firm had for several seasons had reliable and skilled men exploring Ungava for timber limits, and he was perfectly well informed

Hamilton river country has one of the best timber districts on the North American continent, if only preserved, but burning is going on to a tremendous extent, the work of the few settlers who are there. Valuable areas of timber are being burned up. Settlers simply light fires in the summer time to dry the timber for their winter use. These fires extend over vast areas, and enormous portions of the country have been burned. The senator explained that he had taken five hundred miles of limits there, and allowed them to expire, simply because of the regulations.

On the mountains around Hamilton Inlet there is an enormous quantity of pulpwood. Mr. Edwards said he did not know any place where there is a greater area of pulpwood than there is on the Hamilton Inlet around Melville bay and for a certain distance into the interior. On the immediate coast of the Atlantic, from Hamilton Inlet to the St. Lawrence, there is no timber.

As to the character of the timber around Hamilton Inlet and the streams running into it, it is disputed whether the first ships mast cut on the North American continent were cut there or at some point in Nova Scotia.

As to the means of communication with the eastern part of Ungava territory, Senator Edwards explained that explorers going there go up to Hamilton Inlet; and the largest ocean vessels can go up Hamilton Inlet and unload right off the banks, so that in that respect this valuable producing country would be perhaps better served in that respect than any other portion of the country.

It is possible for shipping to get into Hamilton Inlet for quite a long period each year. One of the advantages of the territory is its nearness to the British market, it being only a ferry across the Atlantic.

Senator Edwards remarked that the information he had given the committee had cost him about \$30,000 to learn.

THE report of the remarkable richness of pay dirt in the new placer gold fields on Findlay river in northeastern British Columbia is confirmed by James Bates, a prospector, who reached Hazelton, B.C., the other day. He arrived out via the government trail built by the mounted police last year. The news has created a sensation, and scores of people are preparing to join in the stampede as soon as they can get outfitted. Bates owns several creek and branch claims. He stated there is a great deal of unprospected ground which promises equal locations to those already made. He exhibited a "poke" of large sized nuggets, several weighing over three ounces. He stated that it is not uncommon to wash gravel which goes from \$1 to \$3 a pan. About twenty miners are wintering at the diggings. They are short of provisions and it is his intention to pack in several loads of supplies. A considerable number of people have already left places in lower British Columbia for the new gold fields.

Bates is a placer miner with an experience in the Yukon. He states that the new fields promise to rival those of the Klondike, and that there is an enormous area of country which will prove well worth prospecting.

A SURVEYOR named William H. Waddell, returned to Edmonton the other day from Lesser Slave Lake, after nine months spent in the Sturgeon Lake district laying out extensive timber limits for the Winnipeg firm of Foley, Welsh, Stewart & Larsen, who are the contractors for the G. T. P. west. Mr. Waddell had a party of twenty men with him and left Edmonton on the 10th of last June.

Mr. Waddell states that the timber limits he laid out consist mostly of spruce and jack pine. The timber will not be cut, however, until railway facilities are provided. The country in the vicinity of the Sturgeon Lake, and between the two branches of the Smoky River, is excellent farming prairie land, with patches of timber. The country is not settled. A railway from Edmonton to Dunvegan, said Mr. Waddell, would traverse the centre of this district, and open up one of the finest portions of the entire country.

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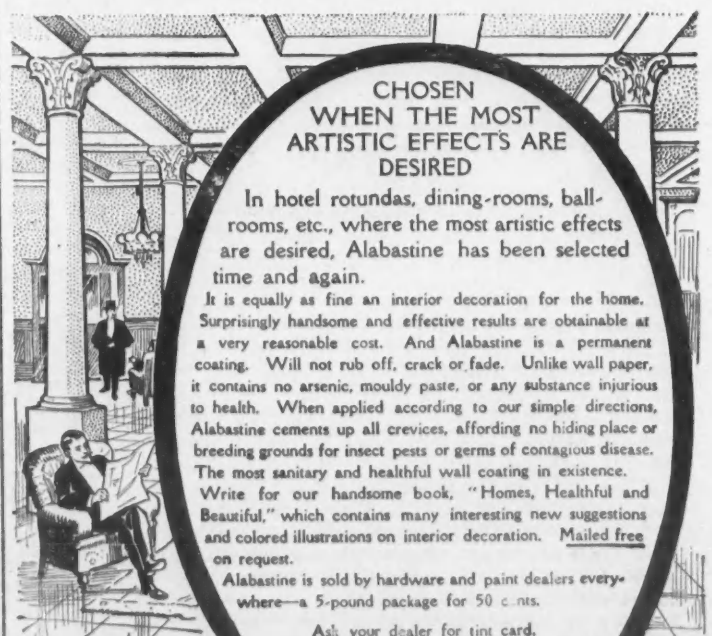
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Lady Gay's Column

WE had a funny little holiday last week; two nights on the train, two days in the brilliant, sparkling invigorating air of full winter at the capital. Once more I wondered, as I always do, how long it will be before some one builds a decent sleeping car! For it's not quite decent to come upon half-dressed men and fall over boots and overshoes in one's effort to pass the semi-nude in lofty abstraction. It's not decent to lie and listen to the conversation of a couple of half-baked boys about the spree they have just finished; it's very horrid to have some one on the shelf above you discussing with a chum whether he shall leave 'em off or keep 'em on. There was a man, the other night, who began a long story to another man at 12.15, about a fifty-acre farm. He talked so loudly that I never missed an item of the contents of that farm, nor the price paid therefor. At last I had to ring for the porter and enquire whether I was in the wrong car. "Why, yes lady, you're in yoh right caw, suah!" "And it's really a sleeping car?" "Certain it's a sleepin' caw." "Then tell those men to go out." There was no more about the fifty-acre farm that trip. In the morning, nipping frost, windows opaque; brilliant sun, where at midnight had been a blue black sky, with great stars blazing low enough to catch almost, and a dive for the wash room. The porter came by, with a reminiscent grin, and I asked him if that was really the wash room? "Why course it is, lady!" "Then why isn't there any water?" "Oh, lawsey! She's froze up agin, suah. Third time she's bin thawed out this mawning!" So the sleeping car where you could not sleep, and the wash room, where you couldn't wash, are hereby ticketed. There was the prettiest placid young nurse in that car with two tiny babies in her charge, one only a week old, the most disgusted small boy who ever squawked all night long! I heard a yawning man from the far end of the car say he'd never got a half hour of sleep all the way, so there were worse things than fifty-acre farms travelling with us on our little holiday!

"Come up and see the sleeping beauties," was the first invitation I had after I finished breakfast in Ottawa. So we went up Parliament Hill to the great door of the beautiful "House" and into the Speaker's Gallery. It was the morning of the third day of the fifty-six hour session. The floor of the House was littered with papers, envelopes, reports, and such like, the big handsome Marcel, with his leonine head of white hair, sat at the head of the table, his chin burrowing into his shirt front. Men were writing letters, one man lay back in his chair, his hat falling off, his mouth wide open, sleeping the sleep of the "all in." He looked inebriate and reckless, but was only exhausted. Another, a big black-haired Frenchman, lay on his desk, his face buried on his crossed arms, his broad back strained, his limbs cramped. Foster, long-winded, meritable, with a face like bad news and an incisive tone, was dinging away at the Minister of Marine, whose big frame was crumpled down into his chair in absolute collapse from sleeplessness and fatigue. Now and then a voice rang out and trailed away into silence, too tired or too bored to go on. Then Foster stepped on the tail of Halifax! The Halifax members have had troubles of their own; they sat side by side, and what one said t'other swore to. One is a keen faced, witty, quick Irishman; his desk mate is belligerent, hotheaded and emphatic. Foster got them both started and they hit out at him in a sudden awakening which delighted the gallery. The fighting Irishman shook his fist and sputtered, his more controlled colleague sent one or two shafts home and sat down amid the cheers and laughter of his waking neighbors. It was a sight never to be forgotten, this worn-out group of men who would not give in. The opposition were, comparatively, fresh and chirky. Foster was apparently wound up for eight days. The Minister of Marine dozed and finally fell into slumber, oblivious of some reiterated query from his chief torturer. He was roused, and apologized for asking that the question be repeated, as he had been asleep. Foster held him up to the gaze of humanity as a sentinel who slept at his post. It was all so silly, so inhuman, so trying,

that it ceased to be amusing, and we went away from the sleeping beauties with woman's words of indignation.

The disconcerting enthusiasm of the Wall Street brokers, who cheered so continuously that the suffragettes couldn't even begin a speech, must have been gall and vinegar to those women who take themselves so seriously. Ticker tape and cold water, apple-cores and hip-hoorahs was what the women got from the unregenerate crowd last week, and these curious tributes broke up their courage and they fled.

The trophy-winners this year in the Governor General's Competition are so absolutely good and worthy that their success is heartily accepted. Mrs. Willie Edgar, of the successful dramatic company, daughter-in-law of Lady Edgar, won also the heavy gold bracelet presented by Margaret Anglin, to the best actress in the competition. The winning play, "A light from St. Agnes," which is in one act, and has only three characters, was written by Minnie Maddern Fisk, and was presented in a style which simply carried all before it. The Canadian Conservatory of Music, Bay Street, Ottawa, took the musical trophy, with a string orchestra, and a young girl piano-soloist, who is a wonder. A burst of applause greeted Colonel Hanbury Williams' announcement of their success on Saturday evening. Both the trophies will remain at the capital for this year; let us hope Toronto may, succeed in lifting one of them, later on.

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Nabobish—Thanks to an Irishman, Woodstock; Charles Fleming, Toronto, and J. B. Lewis, for the translation of the above exclamation, which they all agree means "never mind!"

Skidelia.—Your writing is very well proportioned and condensed, and has an easy grace speaking of pleasant temper and general sociability. You are reasonably buoyant and would always look upon the bright side. The will is strong, mentality fairly powerful, broad and liberal, with a good touch of humor. Business ability is shown in this study, and an absence of sentiment and susceptibility. Writer is longheaded and has good sequence of ideas, fair discretion, can be secretive at times, not invariably. There is fine energy, and some tact displayed. August 22 brings you on the cusp of Leo-Virgo, partaking on the strong combination of fire and earth. Men and women are fond of nature, of growing things, like to live well, but enjoy return to primitive conditions, roughing it in forest or camp life.

A Torontonian (Redlands)—I hope the rheumatiz is leaving you. Your writing shows thought, care, simplicity and sincerity. You are frank and confiding, somewhat emotional and easily appealed to on sentimental grounds. A hard luck story would always evoke your sympathies. May 23 brings you on the cusp of Taurus-Gemini, which is an influence, producing thinkers, artisans, orators, artists and inventors, brains and hands seeming to work in unusual harmony. There are many nervous and hysterical women in this period. These cusp-ers may be easily overcome by financial reverses, but they have that reticent pride which starves sooner than beg. Without early training and inspiration they have a hard time up-lifting their very material natures, but the result justifies the greatest exertion and continuance. If you care to write again and tell me of your life at the orange grove I shall be very glad to hear from you.

August Sixteenth.—If that be your birthdate a lack of energy would be perhaps a natural trait. Many Leo persons are content like the purring cat to sit by the fire unless driven by necessity to exert themselves. Your writing flows freely, but lacks vitality and snap. It is broad-minded and fairly logical, but opinionated at times, especially about your own personal concerns. You rarely make confidential friends and are not expansive or sentimental. There are traces of worry in some of your lines but generally you don't seem to bother

much about your future. There is certainly great possibility for a hand like this, but the writer is not thoroughly inspired yet to do it justice. It may be that his occupation does not interest him much.

Black Douglas.—Your very vital writing is full of extremes. You can be warmly affectionate, determined and in another situation almost timid. You love a good time, good cheer and will enjoy life as it comes, rarely caring to contrive or plan far ahead for pleasure. You are buoyant and witty, or silent and depressed in turn. For the amount of impulse you possess, a larger constancy and will to succeed is necessary. You are neither vain nor self-absorbed and though full of animal life are not emotional nor easily susceptible. It is not the hand of a nonentity, but neither is it of a self-controlled and reliable man. You can be very clever, very unreasonable and very hard to comprehend when you are in the temper for it. You may often let excitement rule instead of thought and principle. Zeal in a favorite cause makes you a valuable follower. You might easily be a power in party politics, but you couldn't always be relied on to toe the line. There is much sympathy and nobility suggested in some of your lines, and you are thrifty and instinctively thorough, but no one would believe it if you asked them.

Irene.—Writer is matter-of-fact, tenacious, prudent and discreet, loves power, is decided and firm, usually reticent on matters of personal interest, has some intuitiveness, is reasonably sentimental, slightly curious, and very fond of good position, notable friends and social triumphs. July 13 brings you under Cancer, a paradoxical sort of sign, whose children are sometimes puzzlingly erratic. You are a well founded Cancer, and not likely to do unconventional things. You are ambitious, too, fond of motion and should keenly enjoy travel. One thing at a time will bring you best success. There is excellent self-respect and rather an adaptable and pleasant nature suggested by your lines. A real good Cancer.

Marbles.—You seem to think I enjoy telling people of their faults. Far from it. A fine study, marred by something which strikes a graphologist in the first glance, is ever a source of keen regret. I often wish I could shut my eyes to it, but that's not what I'm here for. I never heard except from foolish folk, that November was an unlucky month. Its one of the finest, to my taste, for I love the sea and everything about it, even Scorpio, the great sea-serpent, who rules November. Your writing lacks strength and purpose, but has refinement, spirituality, adaptability, discretion, honesty and self-respect. There isn't any marked originality or decision in your lines, which need strength and purpose. These are natural attributes of Scorpio. The love of money and thought that it is all-powerful is one of Scorpio's weaknesses.

A Well-wisher.—I am sorry you had to wait. It's not my fault. October 11 brings you under the full influence of Libra an air sign, from which many fascinating people are drawn. Variety is charming and Libra is certainly the sign of variety. Your success and happiness depend on your being energetic, ambitious and earnest in pursuit of knowledge. Courage and philosophy are especially needed, for Libra hesitates before and bemoans non-success after, and wastes much time thereat. To dare and to win is the Libra process. Avoid recklessness and in affairs of the heart exercise great care. Never be a borrower. Libra errs often on this point. Earn and save and the habit will grow. You can be rich and powerful. To be calm and tranquil is Libra's success, and impatience and worry its bane. Every Libra person should marry. There is their highest good. Your writing is good, but not very well matured. Lots of room for experience and its modifying work in it.

Nanport Key.—Say, that phonetic French took my breath away! You have a great deal of tact, vanity, flattery, earlulity and intuitiveness. I should not suspect you of condensed or very deep thought. You are original, cautious, unemotional, but fond of luxury and ease, very determined and persistent, inclined to selfishness and averse to concentration.

A Noble Imitator.—How could you be so naughty? We had a laugh over your self-denial, and bought baby a googoo toy with the five cents. All the same, boy, I know both those old bodies and they are good, kind and loving, if not acutely wise. I believe their eager friends originated the boom, not themselves, but you will notice I did not enter into the shoutings. See Matthew 6: 2.

"It is easier to be good than great," remarked the moralizer. "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "one has less opposition."—Chicago Daily News.

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THE DRAMA

FOR the first half of next week the attraction at the Princess Theatre will be "The Dairymaids," an English musical play, which is referred to as belonging to the same class as "The Three Little Maids," "The Catch of the Season," "The School Girl," and "The Girl from Kay's." During the latter part of the week Henrietta Crossman will appear at the Princess in "The New Mrs. Loring," described as a comedy of sentiment.

"The Dairymaids," ran a year in London and four months in New York, and now it is on tour it is meeting with general success. It has a strong corps of comedians, and a host of pretty girls; and one of its distinguishing features is the unusual number of song-hits—a full dozen at the least.

The piece has something of a plot. A wealthy lady has started a model dairy farm, and her nieces are the chief dairy maids. The opening scene of the play shows the farm. The girls are hard at work, when suddenly their lovers, two dashing young naval officers, appear on the field. Auntie disturbs the love-making, and ships the girls back to



Henrietta Crossman
Who will appear at the Princess during the latter part of next week in "The New Mrs. Loring."

school and the boys back to their ship. The next scene shows the gymnasium of the seminary where the poor girls are immured. Of course, the boys haven't gone back to their ship at all; they turn up at the school dressed as girls, and some surprising goings on follow. But it all turns out right in the end, naturally. Musical plays, as well as real life, have a way of doing that generally.

The stage settings for the piece are artistic as they usually are for Mr. Frohman's productions and the cast is excellent. Harry Bulger heads the list of fun makers, and Eugene O'Rourke, Edgar Atchison, Ely and Fletcher Norton assist him. Julia Sanderson is the prima donna, and Mabel Hollins, Frieda Wiegold, Flossie Hope, Ruby Ray and Emily Francis and a chorus of sixty all do their share in making the piece a success.

Unlike the majority of American players, Henrietta Crossman, since the advent of her first tour as a star, has interpreted a quota of characters ranging from comedy to the classic drama. Despite the endorsement of the first success which established her as a comedienne of exceptional ability, Miss Crossman won much praise in serious roles, and it is said that in the play in which she appears here next week she has a role which makes demands on her versatility. "The New Mrs. Loring," is a comedy in three acts by Jessie Trimble. The play is said to be replete with bright lines, and carries Miss Crossman through a delightful series of comedy scenes leading to several emotional climaxes.

The action begins in Mr. Loring's home on the evening of his return with his second wife. His son and two daughters have never met their new step-mother, and almost resent her intrusion into the family, until with one fell swoop the new Mrs. Loring overcomes all of their doubts and easily ingratiates herself into the hearts of the girls. The only serious note in her home-coming is occasioned by the son, whom she had met while he was at college, and who had been told of a rather questionable episode in her life.

Next week Toronto playgoers will have another opportunity of seeing the Royal Alexandra English players in a comedy, for which they are especially fitted. "London Assurance," written by the late Dion Boucicault, will give them a splendid opportunity to show their ability. This popular play has not been presented here for over ten years, when the role of Lady Gay Spanker was portrayed by Rose Coghlan. Next week Miss Darragh will be seen in this part.

The play is one with a good story, and deals with Sir Harcourt Courtly, an ancient lady-killer, who in order to pay his early extravagances and follies has borrowed money from a friend, whose estate adjoins those of his own in Gloucestershire. His friend dies, and leaves a daughter, Grace Harkaway, in charge of his brother Max Harkaway. There is a proviso in his will that if Grace on attaining the age of nineteen marries Sir Harcourt, all these debts and mortgages are to be wiped out. If Grace refuses to marry him, the property is to go to Sir Harcourt's heir.

Sir Harcourt has a son, Charles, whom he thinks is the pink of perfection, but he is just the opposite. He is a roystering young scamp, but through the aid of Cool, his valet, his escapades are kept from the notice of his father. Charles and his friend, Mr. Dazzle pay a visit to Oak Hall, where he is introduced as Augustus Hamilton, and there he learns for the first time, and much to his surprise, that his aged father is about to marry Grace Harkaway. He becomes enamored with Grace, and wishes to marry her himself. It is at this juncture that Lady Gay Spanker arrives on the scene. She is taken into his confidence, and they frame up a scheme to prevent the marriage of Grace and Sir Harcourt. Lady Gay pretends that she is smitten by Sir Harcourt's attractions, and is in love with him. This news is conveyed to the old man by Dazzle. It pleases his vanity so much that he begins to pay serious attention to Lady Gay. Lady Gay entices him on to the point where he proposes an elopement. This proposal is overheard, by Meddle, a lawyer, who scenting lawyer's fees conveys the news to Lady Gay's husband, who forthwith challenges Sir Harcourt to a duel. This is however prevented by Max Harkaway. While all this is going on, Charles, still posing as Augustus Hamilton, is making violent love to Grace, who looks upon his attentions with much favor. In the end Sir Harcourt apologizes to Spanker for his conduct, and gives up all claim to Grace and her property, and Charles marries Grace.

The play abounds in much witty dialog, and humorous situations and complications and deals with people who lived in 1340. The usual matinee will be given on Thursday and Saturday at the popular Royal Alexandra Theatre prices.

Charles Dillingham will present Fritz Scheff at the Princess Theatre the week beginning Monday, March 16, in the comic opera success, "Mlle. Modiste." The opera was seen in New York at the Knickerbocker Theatre for a total of 200 performances, the star having to return there



Flossie Hope
In "The Dairymaids," the attraction at the Princess for the first half of next week.

three times on account of the popularity of her work. Three engagements have also been played in Chicago. This will be the farewell tour of Mme. Scheff in "Mlle. Modiste." Exactly the same company that supported her in New York will be seen here. There will be a specially augmented orchestra. This opera has been called the highest type of light opera entertainment in America today.

A fine bill that is guaranteed to please Shea-goers is promised by Manager Shea for next week. Emma Carus, the noted singing comedienne, whose latest successes were won with the "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" company, will be the big headliner. The programme also includes: The Novellos, the mammoth East India Act; Charles F. Semon, Agnes Scott & Horace Wright, Reiff Bros., Rialto Comedy Four, Morris & Morris, and the kinetograph.

W. S. Clark's Jersey Lilies make their appearance at the Gayety Theatre on Monday, March 9, presenting "The Grafters," alluded to as a musical satire. The company includes the German comedienne, Leon Errol; The Frisco Four, Fannie Veder and her Dancing Boys, the Four Zaras, Mann and Franks, Ward and Raynor, Franklin and Williams, Stella Chatelaine.

Viola Allen is much admired in Toronto, and her coming this week in a modern play has aroused very considerable interest. A general idea of "Irene Wycherley" was given on this page last week. To describe it briefly one cannot do better than to adopt the phrase applied to it by Mr. Metcalf, of Life—it is "dramatic but high-flavored." The acting is admirable. The company is good, and Miss Allen herself plays with fine effect the role of the wronged and neglected wife.

Sometimes Fritz Scheff, the vivacious star of "Mlle. Modiste" wears (and this is not a press agent story) a beautiful bracelet of diamonds and turquoise, which is her especial pride. It was a gift from the late Queen Victoria, not in the sense of a decoration or for a reward of services rendered, but as a simple token of her regard, as may be learned from the inscription on the inside. Madame Scheff, while singing in London at Covent Garden during the summer preceding the death of the Queen, received a royal command to sing "La Boheme" at Windsor Castle. Her youthfulness attracted the Queen's attention, and within a month there came a message from Lieut. General Biggs, private secretary to the Queen, stating that her Majesty desired Madame Scheff's appearance at Windsor Castle on a certain afternoon. The Queen chatted with her in German, and had Madame Scheff sing "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Home Sweet Home." When the London season of opera closed Queen Victoria presented Mme. Scheff with the bracelet.

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON, the brilliant Californian novelist, is out with a sharp pen after those who have of late been talking nonsense about "affinities." Writing in The Overland Monthly, she says: "Perhaps no word in the English language has become more hackneyed or been more vulgarized than this word affinity, which, no doubt, was invented by the poets and has no place in prose at all. It is worth while to consider it in its various interpretations, and to reflect upon whether it has any real meaning for Earthians."

Mrs. Atherton gives it as her opinion that misery among married people arises from the dispelling of rather foolish illusions. She points out that most of the people who crowd the divorce courts in the United States, or who drag along an unhappy existence together, in countries like Canada, where divorce is not so readily obtained, are people who, in most cases, married for love. To quote from the article:

"The common frailties of human nature and the utter commonplace of daily existence dispel the illusion of affinity for the married short order. The imaginative existence in which they dwelt while courting and affianced, invoked no presentment of the shabby, ugly, nerve-racking, weak and commonplace qualities of which human nature is so largely made up. The greatest of men are



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The Victoria College Glee Club will hold its annual concert in the college chapel on Wednesday evening, March 11. This male chorus, which has for two consecutive years been under the baton of Prof. H. M. Fletcher, conductor of the Schubert choir, is just completing one of the most successful seasons in its history. During the early part of the year two concert tours were taken through several of the cities and towns of Western Ontario, and the Glee Club was everywhere well received. The assisting artists for this concert will be Miss Louise Williams, soprano, and Miss Ida M. Landers, reader.

The Orpheus Male Quartette have been engaged by the Commercial Lodge, Sons of England, for their banquet which is being held at the Arlington Hotel, March 27.



THE combined concert of the Sembrich company and the Elgar Choir, of Hamilton, at Massey Hall, on Friday evening of last week, proved a delightful surprise. In the first place Mme. Sembrich, although no longer in her youth, was in excellent voice and sang with all that command of vocalization and artistic interpretation for which she is famous. In the second place, the Elgar Choir astonished the Toronto critics and their audience by their finished singing, their reverent interpretation of the sacred music among their selections and the really exceptional beauty of the female voices. I cannot congratulate too warmly their conductor, Mr. Bruce A. Carey, on the result of his labors, which proved not only that he is a conscientious and sympathetic interpreter, but possessed of a special genius as a choir trainer. I may refer to the exquisite sweetness and softness of the tone quality in Brahms' beautifully touching "Dirge of Darthula," to the technical excellence and the devotional spirit of Gounod's "Day of Penitence" and Vittoria's "Jesu Dulcis," the airy lightness and crispness of Blumenthal's "Gather ye Rosebuds" and to the delicacy and variety of Elgar's "Lullaby." Mr. Carey and his singers have made a conquest of the musical people of Toronto and will assuredly be welcomed here again, should they care to make their visit an annual occurrence. Mme. Sembrich's principal florid numbers were the "Fors e lui," from "Traviata"; Strauss' "Voce di Primavera," which were a revelation in bravura singing. In her group of small numbers by Rogers, Hahn and Dr. Arne, she delighted her hearers by the felicity of the style with which each was appropriately rendered. She had about a dozen enthusiastic recalls during the evening and gave as an encore "The Last Rose of Summer." The Elgar Choir gave as their encore Elgar's charming "Snow," which was admirably treated and in which the women's section revealed a quality of tone that could not be surpassed in Toronto. The assisting artists of the Sembrich company were Ellison van Hoose, the well known tenor, who was never in better voice nor more fervid in his singing, and M. De Zadora, a pianist of fine equipment.

The Schubert Choir, who, with great enterprise, had engaged the Pittsburgh Orchestra to assist, gave two highly successful concerts at Massey Hall on Monday and Tuesday last. Mr. Fletcher, their conductor, has, in three seasons, done wonders with the chorus. When he first commenced to train them they were raw and inexperienced singers, with a tone quality that was immature and with technical amateurishness. These concerts showed a gratifying and marked improvement in the principal essentials of choir singing. For the most part there were excellent attack and precision in the various sections. Very appropriately, with reference to the name of the organization, three compositions of Schubert were introduced, "How Merry is life," the *a capella* motette; "God is my Guide," and the "Omnipotence." The last named was impressive as rendered, while the motette was one of the triumphs of the evening. Mr. Fletcher being enthusiastically recalled three times. A work which was received with much favor was Sir Villiers Stanford's cantata, "Phauidrig Crohoore," for baritone solo (Mr. R. S. Pigott), orchestra and chorus. This was a welcome novelty, as the composer has treated his Irish theme with his acknowledged felicity of characteristic style. The choir sang in this with well sustained spirit and admirable execution, while Mr. Pigott sang his solos with telling resonance of voice and much distinction of style and delivery. Among the smaller numbers rendered by the chorus I might mention a four-part arrangement of Storch's "Night Witchery," which was interpreted with delicacy and sweetness of tone and well graduated shading. The Pittsburgh Orchestra excelled all its former efforts in this city. In its special numbers the overtures to "Tannhauser" and "Der Freischutz," Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," the ballet music from Rubinstein's "Feramors," and the valse and march from Berlioz, "Faust," they were splendid in precision and tone quality, and moreover, Mr. Paur gave magnificent readings of the music. Altogether the orchestra aroused the utmost enthusiasm in their solo work, while proving that in the art of accompanying a chorus they had made great strides. Mr.

Merck, the solo violinist, played Max Bruch's "Kol Nodrei" with a fine command of cantabile and telling singing tone. The space at my control is too limited to do more than furnish the foregoing summary of the concerts.

One is glad to notice the success of our Toronto String Quartette in cities other than Toronto. Commenting on a recent appearance in Buffalo, N.Y., the News of that city says: "It was the first appearance of this musical organization in Buffalo, and the enthusiasm which attended their playing must have been thoroughly gratifying to these musicians. One or two numbers were repeated by special request, and an unusual finish was noticeable in the entire performance." The Buffalo Express, of the same day, also speaks in flattering terms: "Their playing was characterized by precision, sympathy, beautiful shading and plenty of spirit. The hope was generally expressed that the Toronto String Quartette may be heard again in Buffalo."

Mr. Geo. Dixon's recital to be held in Conservatory Music Hall on Saturday, March 14, is causing considerable interest. Mr. Dixon will be assisted by Miss Jessie Allen, pianist, and Mr. Frank H. Williams, violinist, of New York. The plan will open at Gourlay's Wednesday morning.

Meyn, the famous baritone, who is to appear in the Y. M. C. A. concert hall, on Monday evening, March 16, stands probably first among the baritones on this continent. His European tours were marked with great distinction. He was received by the Pope and was the recipient of a gold



Fritzi Scheff
Who is coming to the Princess Theatre on March 16 for a week's engagement in "Mlle Modiste"

medal. He was also received by the King of England and on this continent, at the White House, Washington. He is said to be a magnificent singer with a wonderful baritone voice. Associated with Meyn in this entertainment will be Vladimir Rojitzky, the great Russian pianist. The recital and concert is to be under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark.

Miss Mabel F. Boddy, a member of the Conservative Faculty and pupil of Dr. Edward Fisher, was heard to advantage in her first appearance as a recital pianist in the music hall of the institution. Miss Boddy's playing has already attracted considerable notice and every seat in the hall was occupied by an appreciative audience of music lovers and students. The Beethoven Sonata appassionata, with which the programme opened, makes great demands upon the intellect as well as the technique, but Miss Boddy had her work well in hand and gave an admirable reading of the strongly contrasted movements. The singing quality of tone in the first movement was admirable and the lofty simplicity of interpretation which characterized the theme and variations of the second movement gave evidence of a reserve mental force which amply met the requirements of the last movement which was played with a fine dash and spirit. The duo Sonata Op. 13, by Rubinstein, proved to be a very interesting number and one eminently worthy of a more frequent appearance on recital programmes. This genuine demonstrated Miss Boddy's genuine musicianship by the appreciative support she gave to the violin as in contrast to her brilliant playing of the solo parts throughout this interesting work. Miss Lena Hayes was most satisfactory in her interpretation of the violin part, her

phrasing and tone color lending themselves adequately to the desired artistic ensemble. Miss Boddy's versatility was further shown in her dainty playing of the "Magic Fire," from the Ring of the Nibelungen, and two Liszt numbers, La Campanella and Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12. Her playing of these latter numbers was strong and brilliant, giving promise of great things in the future. Miss Boddy received a number of beautiful bouquets and unstinted praise for her excellent work. Miss Boddy was assisted by Miss Jennie E. Williams, who contributed an interesting double number, "The Mills of Skye," by Landon Ronald; Miss Helen K. Ferguson, heard to advantage in "Ah! Rendimi," by Rossi; and Miss Marion L. Wilson, who sang "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice." The accompaniments were acceptably played by Mrs. Kyan Burke and Mrs. Gerard Barton.

The approaching concert of the Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra on April 9th at Massey Hall will constitute an important occasion in the present musical season. With the steady growth of Toronto's population musical taste and knowledge have ripened till it is simply a question of providing the very best that can be obtained in the way of choral and orchestral performances, as it is a recognized and significant fact that the larger and more ambitious the undertaking the better the audience. Toronto, too, has in these days to cater not only for herself, but for an increasing number of outlying towns especially in the matter of orchestral concerts. However promising musical conditions may be in small communities, the orchestra is, in the nature of things, either late in arriving or late never to arrive at all. The establishment then of a good local orchestra in the City of Toronto and the subsequent institution, as we hope, of monthly or quarterly symphony concerts during the season will be a great boon to hundreds of music lovers outside the city. The concert on April 9th will commend itself to all classes from the delightful programme carefully selected by Mr. Welsman, the talented conductor, details of which will be announced later, together with names of soloists specially engaged for the occasion.

Dr. F. H. Torrington is to be congratulated on the success achieved by three of his talented pupils on Wednesday evening last week, at the vocal recital given by the Misses Margaret and Olive Casey in the hall of the Toronto College of Music. Miss Margaret Casey's sweet soprano voice has gained materially in strength, range and flexibility and her work showed decided progress, and gain on artistic lines. Her two operatic numbers, Donizetti, Com e bello, and Verdi, "Ah fors e lui," afforded ample scope for the display of her ability, as the audience at once recognized and in Handel, "O Had I Jubal's Lyre" as well as in the duets Sullivan, "Coming Home"; Smith, "Maying," and particularly in Rossini, "Quis est Homo," she gave unmistakable evidence of her powers. Miss Olive Casey her younger sister also displayed a fresh sweet soprano voice of great promise in both duets and the solo numbers. The feature of this young vocalist will undoubtedly warrant the present expectation of artistic development. The assisting pianist, Miss Molna O'Connor, deserves special commendation for her rendering of the Sgambati Nocturne, Wagner-Bendel "Walther's Prelude" and the Verdi-Liszt "Rigoletto" which she played with a firm but delicate touch, taste and refinement of style.

The programme of the concert given in St. Matthews' school house, under the auspices of the choir, presented a list of artists who seldom appears on a church concert programme. Miss Helen Kirby Ferguson's rich contralto and Miss M. C. Houston's fine soprano, were very much appreciated. Mr. H. Ruthven McDonald, as usual, was enthusiastically received. Mr. Rechab Tandy delighted the audience with five songs and two duets with Miss Houston. The choir rendered two unaccompanied choruses, and a number of individual numbers were very much appreciated. Mr. A. E. Redsell was director and accompanist.

On Thursday evening, the 27th, Stevenson Lodge, A. F. & A. M., held an "At Home" in the Temple Building, cor. Bay and Richmond. The Orpheus Male Quartette, Messrs. Refearne, David Rigby and Foster, were engaged for the concert, being assisted by Miss Janson and Miss Salisbury, elocutionist. Every item was well rendered, encores being frequent. The quartette numbers were beautifully rendered, the voices being evenly balanced and possessing volume.

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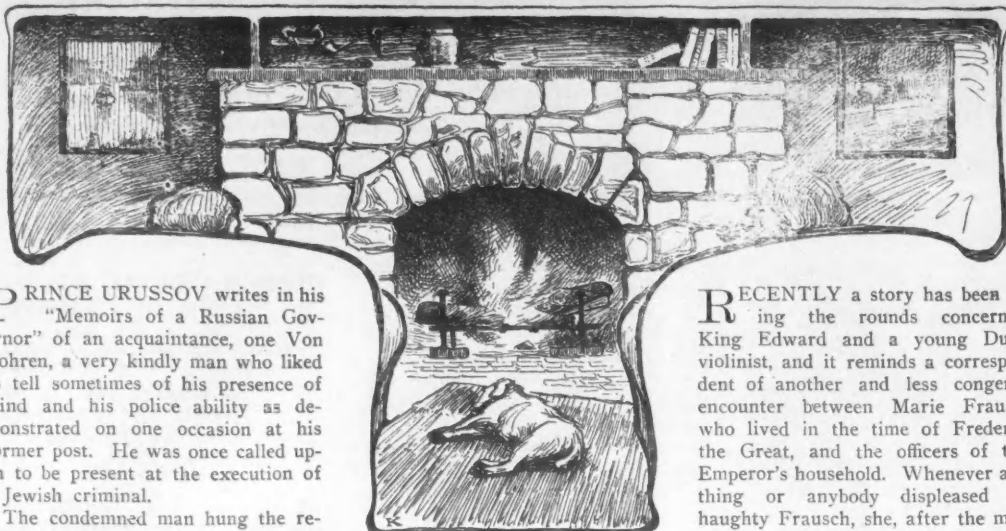
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PRINCE URUSSOV writes in his "Memoirs of a Russian Governor" of an acquaintance, one Von Rohren, a very kindly man who liked to tell sometimes of his presence of mind and his police ability as demonstrated on one occasion at his former post. He was once called upon to be present at the execution of a Jewish criminal.

The condemned man hung the required number of minutes, and was taken down from the gallows, when the physician was supposed to confirm his death. But it appeared that they had forgotten to cut off the Jew's long thick beard, thanks to which, although the noose had deprived the man of consciousness, it had not killed him.

"Imagine yourself in my position," said Rohren; "the doctor told me the Jew would come back to life in five minutes. What was I to do? To hang him a second time I held to be impossible, and yet I had to execute the death sentence."

"But what did you do, then?" I asked, and received the memorable answer:

"I had him buried quickly before he regained consciousness."

RICHARD MANSFIELD once engaged an actor for his company at a salary of \$75 a week. He "made good" in the part, and promptly insisted that his stipend be increased to a hundred dollars.

"Why?" inquired Mr. Mansfield. "Because I've achieved a big success in the role."

"Ah," returned Peer Gynt, "what do you suppose I gave you \$75 for —to fail?"

DOROTHY DONNELLY had an unfortunate experience recently in one of the cities of the Far West. One Sunday night, in company with Elsa Payne, a member of the same organization, she attended a performance at one of the other theatres. The treasurer was unable to accommodate them with seats together, so he placed them in seats directly behind one another.

Seated next to Miss Payne were a man and a woman. At the end of the first act Miss Donnelly, thinking that the man and woman were not together, as they had not indulged in any conversation before the rise of the curtain or during the act, and being desirous of sitting beside Miss Payne, leaned forward, touched the man on the shoulder, and said: "Excuse me, sir, are you alone?"

To her horror, the man slightly turned in his seat and whispered to her: "Get wise, get wise; my wife's with me."

LORD DUNMORE'S only fault was the exaggerated value that he set upon correctness. He insisted on correctness in eating, in dress, in everything. At a dinner in Beacon street he told a story about an incorrect self-made man. This man was dressing one evening to go out. His wife bustled into the room before he started to look him over.

"But, George," she said reproachfully, "aren't you going to wear your diamond studs to the banquet?"

"No. What's the use?" George growled. "My napkin would hide 'em any way."

NOT long ago, so the story goes, King Edward was visiting a country house near the scene of one of Cromwell's historic battles. Strolling out one day by himself, he met the village blacksmith returning from a shoeing expedition.

"I say, my good fellow," said His Majesty genially, "I understand there was a big battle fought somewhere about here?"

"Well-er," stammered the blacksmith, recognizing the King, "I did 'ave a round with Bill, the potman, but I didn't know your Majesty had heard of it."

FROM a French journal comes this little anecdote of a tutor and his royal pupil.

The lesson was in Roman history, and the prince was unprepared.

"We come now to the Emperor Caligula. What do you know about him, prince?"

The question was followed by a silence that was becoming awkward when it was broken by the diplomatic tutor. "Your highness is right," he said, "perfectly right. The less said about this emperor the better."

ANDREW CARNEGIE is fond of quoting the witty remarks made by an old friend of his in Pittsburgh, who for some time held the record for fast horses, but was one day beaten in a brush by a young man. The old gentleman disappeared for some time. He had gone to Kentucky to get a horse that would re-establish his supremacy.

He was being shown over a stud, and had already gone past a long string of horses with their records on the stall and the victories they had won. Then he was taken through a long line of young horses with their pedigrees, from which the dealer was proving what they were going to do when they got on the track. The old gentleman, wiping his forehead—for it was a hot day—suddenly turned to the dealer, and said: "Look here, stranger—you've shown me 'have beens,' and you've let me see your 'going-to-be's' but what I am here for is an 'iser.'"

THE Fourth Estate repeats a good story told by "Bob" Davis, formerly of The Call and now on the editorial staff of Munsey's. While Davis was connected with a paper in a rough-and-ready Western town, a shabbily dressed stranger walked in one day and asked for some old clothes, although his own were fairly good. The staff contributed, and, to the surprise of every one, the stranger pulled out \$8 and paid for a year's subscription to the paper. Then, having donned the contributed clothing, he hastily departed. He had been gone but a little while when the Sheriff came in looking for a horse thief. His description fitted the stranger to a nicety. "He was in here," said the foreman, "and went up the street when he left. If you hurry you will catch him." Davis was surprised.

"H—I!" retorted the foreman, with freezing dignity, "you wouldn't have me go back on a subscriber, would you?"

RECENTLY an acquaintance called on some ladies in an Alabama town who had at the time been much wearied by an apparently endless succession of callers. The door was opened by Augustus Butts, the faithful old butler.

"Are the ladies in?" asked the caller.

"No, ma'am, they're all out."

"I am so sorry that I missed them," continued the visitor, handing him her cards. "I particularly wished to see Mrs. Jones."

"Yes, ma'am, thank you, ma'am," responded Augustus. "They're all out, ma'am, and Mrs. Jones is particularly out, ma'am."

JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE, the most popular low comedian of his day, once gave a supper to eighty of his friends, and wrote a note to each of them privately beforehand, asking him whether he would be so good as to say grace, as no clergyman would be present. It is said that the faces of those eighty men as they rose in a body when Toole tapped on the table, as a signal for grace, was a sight which will never be forgotten.

AN old woman resident of a Yorkshire village took a social pride in attending all the funerals within reaching distance of her home. There was a funeral one day in the next village which she could not attend, but a neighbor of hers was there. That night she called on the neighbor and said:

"Well, Nancy, I heard you wor at t' funeral."

"Yes, I wor," Nancy replied.

"What kind of a funeral wor it?" Nancy sniffed.

"Why, it wor a werry mean affair," she said. "There were nobbut a few biscuit and sich."

"Ah," said the old woman, "them's the sort of ways I don't hold to. I've lost five, but, thank 'evens I've buried 'em all with 'am."

RECENTLY a story has been going the rounds concerning King Edward and a young Dutch violinist, and it reminds a correspondent of another and less congenial encounter between Marie Fraus, who lived in the time of Frederick the Great, and the officers of that Emperor's household. Whenever anything or anybody displeased the haughty Fraus, she, after the manner of prima donnas in general, would suddenly become too hoarse to sing.

One evening there was to be sung an opera in her repertoire, and it was expected that the King would attend. At the appointed hour the manager came forward and announced that, owing to a sore throat, Fraus, Fraus, was unable to appear. The people were preparing to leave the house; but His Majesty rose and commanded them to keep their seats. A few moments afterward an officer and four dragoons entered the capricious singer's room.

"Fraus," said the officer, "the King inquires after your health."

"The King is very good," said Fraus, with a pout; "but I have a sore throat."

"His Majesty is aware of the fact, and has charged me to take you to the military hospital to be cured."

Fraus, turning very pale, suggested that they were jesting, but was told that Prussian officers never indulged in persiflage. Soon she found herself in a coach with four men.

"I am a little better now," Fraus faltered, "and I will try to sing."

"Back to the theatre!" said the officer to the coachman.

The Frauslein began to think she had yielded too easily. "I shall not be able to sing my best," she interposed.

"Pardon, Frauslein," responded the officer, "but I think you will."

"And why?"

"Because two dragoons in attendance behind the scenes have orders to carry you off to the military hospital at the least cough."

Frauslein Fraus never sang better than she did that night.

PORTER WRIGHT, who was a servant in the employ of Daniel Webster, says the great statesman's sense of humor was infinite. On one occasion a man presented a bill to him for payment.

"Why," said Webster, "I have paid the bill before."

The neighbor assured him that he was mistaken.

"All right, then; call again in the morning, and I will settle with you," returned Webster.

As soon as the man was gone, Webster called his son Fletcher, and told him to look over his papers and see if he could not find a receipted bill. To the surprise of both, two receipted bills were found, showing that the bill had been paid twice. Webster put the receipts in his pocket and said nothing.

In the morning the neighbor returned for the money. Webster took his seat under the old elm, and ordered Wright to bring out the decanter. Filling the glass to the brim, he handed it to the man and told him to drink.

Webster then began: "Mr. Blank, do you keep books?" The man assured him that he did not.

"Then I would advise you to do so," said Webster, and pulling one of the receipts from his pocket handed it to him. The man was covered with confusion, while Webster continued:

"And while you are about it you had better get a bookkeeper who understands double entry!" at the same time handing him another receipt.

"Now," said Webster, "I am going to pay this bill just once more, but I assure you, upon my word of honor, that I will not pay it the fourth time."

AN affable New York police officer who cultivated the acquaintance of the people who passed his corner regularly, says that he missed a German porter who was in the habit of stopping to speak to him every day. A few days later he reappeared and was asked where he had been.

"Over in Jersey," he replied.

"What part of Jersey?"

"I don't know," replied the German. "Funny thing 'bout them towns over in Jersey; they all have different names."

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THE marriage of Miss Aimee Glenholm Falconbridge, youngest daughter of Chief Justice Falconbridge, and Captain David Douglas Young, Royal Canadian Dragoons, only son of Colonel Young, of Kingston, took place in St. James Cathedral on Shrove Tuesday, March 3, at three o'clock, before a huge party of invited guests, and as many interested spectators as could be piled into the unreserved spaces of the beautiful old church. The service was fully choral, and the chancel steps were arched with green and the chancel banked with palms for the happy occasion. The bride's procession was led by the choir, singing the hymn composed by the rector, Canon Welch, and Dr. Ham was at the organ. The ushers, Mr. Norman Perry, 48th Highlanders, Mr. T. Moss, cousin of the bride, Mr. Lindsay, Stanley Barracks, Mr. Long-Innes, Ordnance Department, Mr. Victor Nordheimer, and Mr. Gilman, followed the choir, and the bridesmaids, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Jessie Hale, of London, Miss Muriel Barwick, and Miss Ruby Ramsay, of Montreal, preceded by Miss Mulock, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. Cawthra Mulock, and followed by Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, as matron of honor, led the way for the handsome bride, who was brought in by her father. The color note of this wedding was a delicate green, and the flower chosen for the occasion was the dark hearted marguerite. The tiny flower-girl, with her chubby face, sturdy little form and golden curls wreathed with daisies, was in white lace over pale green silk, and carried a basket of daisies. The bridesmaids wore lettuce green semi-transparent gowns with overskirts pointed and finished with bands of pale green satin, the semi-Empire bodices were filled in with tucked tulle, and the frocks were the essence of dainty grace. The hats were of white with deep wreaths of marguerites, and the rustic white plaited baskets of marguerites were hung from the arm by wide soft satin ribbons to match the tint of the gowns. Each maid wore the regimental pin given by the groom, with R.C.D. thereon and setting of whole pearls. The matron of honor was a picturesque and charming little lady in a full satin gown in the same quaint style as the maids, with a trimming of gold on the edge of the tulle guimpe, and a side tilted hat of ecru, with long dark green strings fastened on either brim, and upright white ostrich plumes on the left side. It was the smartest hat in the party, and adorably becoming to its wearer. The bride's gown was a full demi-trained skirt of soft crepe de soie, with Empire wreaths woven in the lovely fabric, the over skirt was trimmed with rose point and pearls, and folded bretelles of pearl sewn lace finished the bodice. A veil of tulle, hemmed with pearls, and a small crown of orange blossoms rested on the beautiful shining hair, one of the bride's many charms. The bouquet was an airy shower of lily of the valley and ferns, tied with white ribbons. Mr. Jamieson, of Quebec, formerly of Stanley Barracks, was best man. As it was a military wedding, the various uniforms, scarlet predominating, gave great smartness to the gathering, the troopers of the R.C.D. lined the main aisle, and after the register had been signed in the vestry, and Captain and Mrs. Young came into the church, the officers, led by Colonel Victor Williams, formed an arch of swords down the aisle, under which the bridal party went gaily to their carriages. Rev. Alexander Williams, chaplain to the forces in Toronto, and rector of St. John's church, performed the ceremony, and Canon Welch assisted. Mr. Williams read an address to the bride and groom after the usual service. The chimes rang merrily as the party left the Cathedral, and the weather was brilliantly fine and not too cold. Mrs. Falconbridge held a very large reception after the ceremony, the spacious rooms of the family home being supplemented by a long marquee erected on the east lawn and connected with the dining-room by a covered passage from the verandah. In this was set the main buffet, and there the bride's health was proposed by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor with many kind words, and the bride-cake cut by the bride with her husband's sword. In the library and dining-room the *dejeuner* was also served by an army of busy waiters, and everywhere there were flowers in profusion. Captain and Mrs. Young and their attendants were grouped in the drawing-room for the reception, and received good wishes galore from the hundreds of friends present. The married sisters of the bride, Mrs. Arthur Anglin, Mrs. Vincent Hughes, and Mrs. R. Cassels, were able assistants on such an arduous afternoon for their mother. Mrs. Anglin was as sweet as ever in a deep blue gown with floral design painted in delicate colors, Mrs. Hughes was in pink and white, and Mrs. Cassels in dull rose color, each looking very charming. Two rooms full of the most *recherche* and exquisite gifts were arranged upstairs, and an orchestra played during the reception, the strains of "Just one Girl" accompanying the last of the five daughters of this charming family, as she ran down the stairs a mid showers of confetti, and looking a picture in her pale blue traveling suit and flower wreathed hat and soft white fox furs. Miss Ruby Ramsay caught the bouquet, which is supposed to fall to the first of the maids to follow the bride's example. A few of the guests were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Clark, Miss Mortimer Clark, Lady Mulock, Sir Charles and Lady Moss, Lady Pellatt, Colonel and Mrs. Williams, Colonel and Mrs. Septimus Denison, Major and Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Buchan, Captain Burnham, Mrs. J. C. MacDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Denison, Captain Harold Lumb, Mrs. Mabey, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Dr. and Mrs. Misses McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, Mrs. Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Lash, Mrs. Miller Lash, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, the Misses McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbons of London, Major and Mrs. J. F. Macdonald, Mrs. Lamb, Major Elmsley, Captain Van Straubenzee, Mr. and Mrs. Case, Mr. Allen Case, Mrs. Hay, Miss Hendrie of Holmstead, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Beck, Judge Britton, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Arkell, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Major Cockburn, V.C., Mr. Taylor, Major Fleming, Mrs. and the Misses Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander of Meadowbank, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Adele Boulton, Mr. Jack Small, Mrs. H. Mowat, Miss Jennings, Mrs. and Miss Ina Matthews, Miss Lamport, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Major Layborne, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. C. E. Ryerson, Mrs. Jack Drynan, Mr. Eric Armour, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Gwynne, Mrs. and Miss Adams, the Misses Boulton, Rosedale, Mrs. Willison, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewar, Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mr. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Woodburn Langmuir, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Hills, Mrs. Mackelcan, the Misses Dunlop, Dr. and Mrs. Sylvester, Dr. and Mrs. Boulbee, Mrs. Monk, Miss Lamport, Mr. and Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ritchie, Miss Ritchie, Mrs. and Miss Dalton, Mrs. Arnoldi,

Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Dr. Lang, Mrs. Clinch and Miss Murton, Mrs. and Miss Sankey, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Van-koughnet, Mr. Bogert, Mr. and Mrs. Aemilius Baldwin, Miss Baldwin, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Principal and Mrs. Auden, Mr. and Miss Helen Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Florence Spragge, Mrs. and Miss Darling, Mrs. W. Davidson, the Misses Reid, Miss Davidson, Mrs. Sweny, Miss Augusta Hodgins, Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Seagram, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Myers, Mr. B. Hughes, Mr. Frank Drake, Miss Garrow, Miss Kay, Mrs. and Miss Patti Warren, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cassels, Mrs. J. J. Dickson, the Misses Cosby, Colonel Hall, Miss Morgan, Miss Edgar, Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. James Edgar, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Davidson, Mrs. Rutten, Mrs. Han, Dr. and Mrs. McGillivray, Dr. and Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. Angus Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mrs. Harry O'Reilly, Dr. Brefney O'Reilly, Dr. Bruce, Dr. and Mrs. D. Smith, Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Mr. A. O. Beardmore, Mrs. Ewart Osborne. Many greetings and welcomes met Colonel Young, who looked very well and fit. Mrs. Young was beautifully gowned in palest blue, with hat covered with plumes to match and carried a lovely bouquet of violets and forget-me-nots with bows of pale blue satin. The grandmother and aunt of the bride, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, were at the wedding, also Mr. Jack Falconbridge, only brother of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock's gift to the bride was a magnificent cabinet of silver, and His Honor and Lady Clark gave her a handsome Sheraton cabinet, in which a lot of jewels and cheques were placed the day of the wedding.

The friends of "gran'pa and gran'ma" Case were offering very merry congratulations on their early honors, since the good stork left a fine little son and heir to Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Case are very proud of this last acquisition to the family.

Mrs. Burgess-Barry gave a large tea last week at her home in Spadina avenue. The tea-room looked very bright and pretty with rose and silver lights, and the table was centred with a large crystal candelabrum and cut glass vases holding Estelle carnations, roses and Japanese ferns. The color tone was carried out in the bonbons and ices. Mrs. Cassidy sang several times during the afternoon, much to the pleasure of the guests, among whom were Mrs. Douglass Glass, Miss Glass, Mrs. Halliday Watt, Mrs. Grant Miller, Mrs. Cassels, Mrs. Lansing of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Mrs. Charlewood, Miss Ready, Mrs. and Miss Bleasdel, Mrs. J. A. Ready, Mrs. D. W. McPherson and Miss Grant of Hamilton.

Miss Madeline Moysie, of Woodstock, is visiting Mrs. Snider in Grace street.

Lady Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, expects to return to Toronto about the middle of May. Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick is taking a course of mounted infantry instruction near Aldershot for three months. Mrs. Campbell, daughter of Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, was married on Tuesday to her cousin, Colonel Dobell, D.S.O., and as before announced, an older daughter of Mrs. Bankes, Miss Helen, will shortly be married to Hon. Godfrey Macdonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Strathy left on Monday for California. They intend visiting Mexico and returning via Victoria and Vancouver in about two months.

The Shrove Tuesday audience at the Alexandra was quite a gala one, many of the guests from the Young-Falconbridge wedding deciding to finish a bright afternoon of festivity and hilarity with a jolly three hours at the play, the boxes being brilliant with the dashing bridal party. Some of these were Lady Mulock, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Vincent Hughes (nee Falconbridge), of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. McDonnell Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Miss Ramsay of Montreal, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Hale, Miss Barwick, Mr. Holland, Mr. Lindsay, Mrs. Clinch, Miss Gladys Murton, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell, Mr. Jack Kilgour, Mr. Lyle, Miss Hendrie. The Alexandra Players have scored a great success with "The Liars," which is always a popular comedy and one everyone should see.

The Schubert Choir had two of those huge audiences on Monday and Tuesday which have packed Massey Hall so often this season. The Pittsburgh Orchestra and the Choir provided a programme which was not too exalted for their patrons, and some of which was very fine indeed. Wreaths were given to Mr. Paur and Mr. Fletcher, the conductors of orchestra and choir, on Tuesday night. Dr. Vogt and a party of ladies were in the gallery, and Dr. Humfrey Anger, Mr. Blakeley, Mr. Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. McBride, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Mrs. Bruce Riordan, Mr. and Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, were a few prominently seated. The Irish story of Patrick Connor, a first cousin apparently of young Lochinvar, was sung with great precision and dramatic power, and the orchestra was splendid in its accompaniment. Mr. Paur and Mr. Fletcher held quite an impromptu reception in the green-room after the Tuesday concert.

Mr. George Dixon will give his third "Song Recital" in Conservatory Music Hall, Saturday, March 14, assisted by Miss Jessie Allen, pianist, and Mr. Frank H. Williams, violinist, of New York city, Mrs. H. M. Blight, accompanist. This promises to be one of the best recitals of the season. The patronesses are Lady Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Harry Ryrie, Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. A. S. Vogt, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. J. W. Flavelle, and Mrs. Byron E. Walker.

The engagement is announced of Miss Olive May Buchanan, B.A., youngest daughter of Mr. James Buchanan, Goderich, to Mr. Charles Henry Armstrong, B.A., of Toronto, youngest son of the late Mr. W. W. Armstrong, of Campbellford. The marriage, which has been arranged to take place in Goderich early in April, will be very quiet.

Brother officers of Captain C. A. Campbell, 48th Highlanders, were glad to meet him at the dinner given by Colonel Macdonald in the Toronto Club on Saturday evening. Captain Campbell's health is so much improved he hopes to be able to take command of his company this coming season.

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SOCIETY

ON Saturday evening last the Alliance Francaise held its monthly meeting through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, in the assembly hall of St. Margaret's College. The programme presented was of unusual interest and pleasure, being the presentation of two little French comedies. (1) L'ete de la Saint Martin, Comedie en un acte, de Meilhac et Halevy, and (2) Madame Bigarot n'y tient pas on allons a l'Athenae, vaudeville en un acte de Georges Duquois et Felix Cresson. In the first the characters were taken as follows: Briquerville, M. Ramsay Wright; Noel, M. Maurice Roy; Adrienne, Mme. Rochereau de la Sabliere; Mme. Lebreton, Mlle. Malaval. La scene se passe au chateau de Briquerville aux environs de Tours. De nos jours. In the second the cast was: Bigarot, M. de Champ; Gaston, M. Hicks; Adolphe, M. Rochereau de la Sabliere; Madame Bigarot, Mlle. Malaval; Lucie, Mlle. Uelands; Marie, Mme. Rochereau de la Sabliere. La scene se passe a Paris de nos jours. In the second the cast consisted of the characters by these ladies and gentlemen was most excellent, portraying the spirit of the comedies with ease and fluency. The large audience of over four hundred guests enjoyed the charming programme. Among those present were: Lady Moss, Miss Moss, Prof. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Prof. Squair, Lady Edgar, Miss Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Prof. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid, Prof. and Mrs. Mavvar, Miss Parsons, Miss Keating, Miss Landon Wright, Prof. Hutton, Miss Helen Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Neelands, Mrs. and Miss Tyrell, Dr. Field, M. Nicolai, Mrs. Vander Linde, M. Allard, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Rundle, Prof. and Mrs. Keyes, Mrs. Wyld, Miss Macdonald, Miss Galt, Mrs. and Miss Yarker, Prof. and Mrs. McMurrich. The audience included many students at the comedy "L'ete de la St. Martin" is one of the works read this year by matriculants and was especially selected for the programme by the "Alliance Francaise." Students from the boarding schools, collegiates of the city, were in attendance and most enthusiastic. The Alliance is doing excellent work for the finer appreciation of the French language in the city. Prof. Ramsay Wright was the only personification of the kindly refined old uncle, showing clever work in the contrasts of his different attitude towards his old housekeeper and her fascinating niece, and in the generous pardon of all who had imposed upon him. His delightful French completed the character. Mme. Rochereau was charming as Adrienne, who cleverly manages the irate uncle, brings him to her feet and effects the reconciliation, and won much applause for her excellent work in this exacting role. M. Roy gave a very good interpretation of Noel. Disguised beyond recognition, Mlle. Malaval, as the matter of fact old housekeeper, proved beyond a doubt that the French are born actors. Effacing her own personality entirely, the test of acting she maintained the illusion of age, bewilderment, and well-meaning stupidity. The choice of the second play—a screaming farce—was good by contrast. Anyone could follow and enjoy the action despite the difficulties of Parisian slang. M. de Champ, the favorite of the company of the "Alliance Francaise," gave the most accurate personification of the French bourgeois manners, entirely disguising his own. Miss Neelands, whose delightful French we have heard in former plays, was very lovely as the little "nouvelle Mariee," gay or trite according to her part, and always a dainty Lucie. Mr. Hicks, a born comedian, entered fully into the spirit of the farce and made much of his part as the son-in-law. Mlle. Malaval showed great versatility and range of dramatic ability in presenting the different phases of the nouveau riche Mme. Bigarot, tender, kind, wrathful, passionate, won storms of applause. The public enjoyed this very much and expressed the hope that more French plays would soon be presented.

Miss Merritt, of St. Catharines, who has been with Mrs. Gordon on a visit this winter, at her home in Manning avenue, has sailed for Europe.

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place in Owen Sound on February the 12th, when Margaret, daughter of Dr. Charles and Mrs. Barnhart, was married to Colin Stewart Cameron, barrister. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Rural Dean Ardill, rector of St. Georges, in the presence of the immediate relatives and a few intimate friends of the family. The bride, who was unattended, was given away

by her father and was attired in a graceful gown of white Liberty satin with the customary veil and orange blossoms and carried a white prayer book. Her going away gown was of blue cheviot, with hat of Alice blue and ermine furs.

Mrs. McClung gave a house warming bridge and tea at her new home in Poplar Plains Road, at which a smart company was present. Miss Cooke, Miss Sweetman and the Misses Smellie assisted.

The death of Mrs. Young (nee Mills) in Hamilton on Monday was much regretted in Toronto, where the deceased lady was well known. Mrs. Young was a sister of Mrs. Henry Cawthra and often visited her at Yeaton Hall.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Teetzel have gone south for some weeks.

A very pleasant tea for girl friends was given by Miss Creighton and Miss Aileen Robertson on Monday. Mrs. Crease and Mrs. Creighton poured tea and coffee at a table done with daffodils and violets. Miss Adele Harman, Miss Norah Gwynne, Miss Olive Buchanan and Miss Hope assisted.

Mr. James Macdonald gave a very jolly dinner of twenty-six covers at the Lambton Golf Club last week, when the guests had moonlight and a country wrapped in snow to add to the jovial pleasures of the cosy club.

Major and Mrs. Arthur Peuchen are settled in their new house, 599 Jarvis street. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bell, formerly of Chatham, have settled in Toronto and have taken a house in Jarvis street, just north of Carlton.

Mr. Rupert Bruce gave a very small tea the other afternoon to a few young folks, at his home in Bloor street east. A matron friend acted as chaperone and Miss Terry Irving poured tea. Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss Dennis, of Detroit; Miss Kathleen Murray, Mr. Charlie Murray, Mr. Bartlett Rogers, Mr. Rousseau Kleiser and two or three others were the party.

Everyone is glad to see bright and popular Mrs. Stikeman out again after a rather prolonged illness.

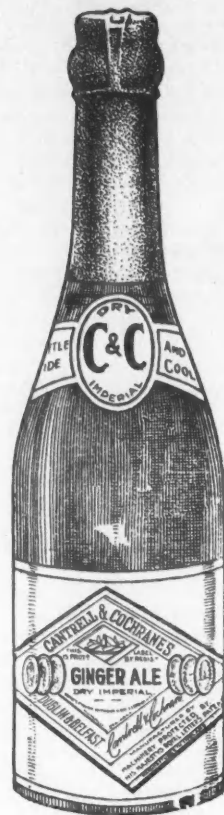
Miss Langmuir gave a tea last week in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Woodburn Langmuir, an attractive and handsome young matron, who looked very well at the wedding on Tuesday, and who is making a visit of some duration to her relatives in Tyndall avenue.

Miss Withrow's winter party sailed from New York last Saturday for a month in Bermuda. It included tourists from London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal.

ATTRACTIVE MILLINERY OPENING AT MURRAY'S.

A very notable event of the past week was the annual spring opening of W. A. Murray & Co. There was, as usual, so much that was new and dainty that descriptions are practically useless: suffice to say this firm certainly excelled themselves in their choice gowns, materials and millinery models. In the millinery showrooms there was a large selection of imported hats from the foremost designers of Europe. Models from "Maison Semis," "Mme. Germaine," "Mme. Rolland," "Mme. Pouyanne," and many other fashionable French milliners. One from Mme. Pouyanne, one of the most exclusive houses of Paris, is a hat of rustic Italian straw in olive green with a large crown and a narrow brim turned slightly up at each side, a trifle higher on the left. Very simple trimmings completed this dainty model, bows of copper colored ribbon with the same colored ofsprey mount.

The shapes this season have greatly changed, crowns being much higher and the brims in nearly every case being turned up on one or two sides, the brims of the large hats are small and of the small hats large. Copenhagen blue is the predominating shade, old rose or American beauty rose is also very popular, and the trimmings used are principally flowers, though of course ofspres and feathers will still be very popular. There is also a very important and exclusive selection of feather boas and stoles; a choice can be made from almost any shade or style in either the mareabout or ostrich. There are some very exclusive and stylish models in women's footwear which it will be well to watch. The shoe department, by the way, has been moved upstairs to the second floor, giving better light and more room to show the many novel ideas for spring. A very handsome waiting room has been added, where one may sit down



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and rest, glance over the magazines or write a few lines to one's friends. Murray's are certainly to be congratulated for the way in which they always pay attention to small details for the benefit of their customers, and as one glances around at all the beautiful things there can be no further excuse offered for going to New York or Europe for exclusive and high class garments or materials.

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Penitents.

THE goblet quaffed till but the lees remain—
The fortune lost, its latest pittance spent—
We clutch the skirts of virtue and would fain
Be penitent.

Renouncing that which now we cannot win,
Though longing still lurks furtively about,
We term our fond propensities a sin,
And starve them out.

Cowards and fools! The thing is meanly done;
Driven to be apes of innocence by fears—
Deeming the meed of manhood may be won
By fast and tears.

Poor are the shivering souls we seek to save
From perils of an unregenerate sense.
Better than such a lapse may be a brave
Impenitence.
—Arthur L. Salmon in St. James's Budget.

The Smith-Jones Affair.

According to Smith:
"Oh, say! I met Jones. You know Jones, of course. Well, I heard that he had called me a liar the other day in conversation with another man, and so I was just laying for him. I have an idea he suspected something was up, as he began to act sheepish right away. But, of course, I didn't let on at first. I just looked him calmly and coolly in the eye. Then I said, 'Jones, old man, I heard something about you the other day that I couldn't believe.' I said this in a calm, even voice, but Jones must have known something was up, as I could see him begin to tremble. 'I hope it was something good,' said Jones, with a quaver in his voice. As for me, I was just beginning to enjoy myself. 'Oh, well,' I replied, with a pleasant off-hand smile, 'that depends entirely on the point of view. Now, I may not be good or I may be good.' I smiled genially this time, while Jones turned pale; I could distinctly see him growing pale. 'That, of course, is a matter of opinion, but I wish, Jones—here I looked him fair-

ly and squarely in the eye—if you have anything of an intimate and personal nature—' By this time Jones was shaking all over. I just lingered on those words while I faced him down. Oh, it was too rich!—'Why, Jones, old man, just say it to my face, will you?' and with this, in my easy and most careless manner, I left him. You see, it wasn't necessary to do anything to Jones. It was the withering sarcasm of what I said that fetched him. I can tell you it was great fun—simply great! And he won't forget it either. He'll know better next time."

According to Jones:

"Do you know Smith? Well, I was very much amused at him the other day. I had called him a liar, and some one must have told him about it. Of course, I only said it in the heat of an argument with another man. I didn't really mean it. But some one must have told him. I assume he was told. He came up to me and started to say something, but he was so nervous I suspected at once that he had heard what I said. Finally he smiled quite a sheepish smile, and said, 'I heard something about you the other day that I couldn't believe.' He kind of gulped the words, and was so embarrassed that actually I felt sorry for him. I felt as if I'd like to help him out. 'Well,' said I, in my most encouraging way, 'I hope it was something good.' As I said this I looked him fairly and squarely in the eye. You ought to have seen him weaken. He shifted from one foot to the other, and murmured, with a faint smile, 'I suppose it depends upon the point of view. I hope I'm good.' Then he went on timidly, 'We've always been good friends, Jones,' said he, 'and I hope our intimate and personal relations will continue,' said he. He was going to call me down, but he just didn't have the nerve. 'Sure,' I said, and with that he walks away perfectly satisfied. Now what do you think of that? I was just hoping he would come right out and say, 'Jones, you called me a liar.' But he wasn't up to it. Of course, I would have apologized—for as I said, I meant him no harm. But that's the way some folks are built. They drop their nerve at the critical moment."—Thomas L. Masson, in Harper's Weekly.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

BIRTHS.

FORREST—In Toronto, Feb. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Melville Forrest, a son.
LOCKE—In New York, Feb. 26, to Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Locke, a son.
BONNYCASTLE—At Bowmanville, Mar. 3, to Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Bonnycastle, a daughter.
VAN STRAUBENZEE—In Toronto, Feb. 29, the wife of Capt. C. T. Van Straubenzee, of a son.
MYERS—In Toronto, Mar. 2, the wife of G. Frederick Myers, of a son.
BRYDSON—In Toronto, Mar. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brydson, a daughter.
MORLEY—At Ottawa, Mar. 2, to

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MARRIAGES.

GIBSON-BLACK—On Wednesday, March 4, 1908, at 104 Madison avenue, Toronto, by the Rev. Dr. Wallace, Albert Ralph Gibson, eldest son of Mr. R. E. Gibson, to Hannah Barnett, second daughter of Mr. J. C. Black.

HINGSTON-PETERSON—At Goderich, Mar. 3, Lillian, eldest daughter of Mr. P. A. Peterson, of the C. P. R., to Dr. Donald Hingston, son of Sir Wm. Hingston, of Montreal.

YOUNG-FALCONBRIDGE—On Tuesday, Mar. 3, 1908, at St. James Cathedral, by the Rev. Alexander Williams, M.A., assisted by the Rev. Canon Welch, D.C.L., David Douglas Young, captain Royal Canadian Dragoons, and aide-de-camp to his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, only son of Lieut.-Col. David Douglas Young, Deputy Adjutant-General, to Aimee Glenholme, youngest daughter of the Hon. William Glenholme Falconbridge, Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

GREENWOOD-MAY—At Johannesburg, South Africa, Feb. 18, Lieut.-Col. Henry S. Greenwood, to Miss Dorothy May, of Boston, Mass.

WORTS-DAVIES—In Toronto, Feb. 26, Anna Louise, second daughter of Robt. Davies, Esq., of Chester Park, Tolmorden, to James Gooderham Worts, only son of the late J. G. Worts, Esq.

LUCAS-GILLARD—In Toronto, on Feb. 29, Rosalinde Beatrice, only daughter of Wm. Gillard, Esq., Toronto, to Frank Brecken Lucas, of Needles, B. C.

DEATHS.

DENT—In London, Eng., Feb. 26, Isabella, wife of Lieut.-Col. H. F. Dent, of Menethorp Hall, Yorks, and mother of Mrs. R. A. Brock, of Montreal.

STARK—At Chambly-Campan, Quebec, Feb. 26, Mary Ellen Hallett, wife of Chas. Stark.

FERGUSON—At Baltimore, Mar. 1, Adam D., son of the late George Douglas Ferguson, of Fergus, aged 53 years.

Society at the Capital

THE Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition has taken up the time and attention of everyone in general and society in particular throughout the week, and in consequence the Russell Theatre was the mecca each evening from Monday to Saturday of a very large portion of the population of the capital. Two or three weeks ago a prospective programme was given in this column, but since that time several alterations have been made owing to some companies dropping out for various reasons, with the result that the dramatic companies who competed included four from Montreal, two from Toronto and three Ottawa companies, and the musical portion of the week's programme consisted of performances from the Quebec Symphony Society, which was the only musical organization from an outside point; the Ottawa Choral Society, the Ottawa Conservatory of Music String Orchestra, and the Orpheus Glee Club, making in all thirteen entries.

Monday was essentially a local night, when the Ottawa Garrison Club presented a bright and amusing play entitled "Joseph Entangled," under the able management of Capt. P. E. Pridoux, who has been most energetic in his efforts, and was fortunate in selecting an excellent cast. The Ottawa Choral Society shared Monday evening with this talented company and did some excellent and most pleasing work. On Tuesday two Montreal companies performed. They were the Aubrey Stock Company, who were not very happy in their choice of their production, "The Chorus Lady"; and Miss Frances de Wolfe Fenwick's company, who presented a comic little play from that lady's own pen, entitled "The Society for the Protection of Suffering Servants," and in which Miss Fenwick represented seven different characters. Wednesday night was one of the most interesting nights of the week and was made "Military Night," in compliment to the Toronto Garrison Club, which, under the directorship of Col. Septimus Denison, C. M. G., gave a most pleasing and interesting representation of "Brother Officers," which, of course, is known to Torontonians, having recently been presented in the Queen City. It was capably staged and well acted by each and all its members, especially the gallant Colonel himself. The presence of a large number of officers in dress uniform gave quite a military aspect to the audience, which was larger than on any other night of the week, except perhaps Saturday. The Quebec Symphony Society, who last year captured the Musical Trophy, opened the evening's proceedings with an hour and a half of the most enjoyable music, so thoroughly well rendered that one could hardly believe they were listening to amateurs. The first part of Thursday evening was devoted to the Ottawa Thespians, who put on two short plays, one entitled "Food and Folly," written by Mr. W. W. Edgar, son of the late Sir James Edgar, and Mr. H. MacDonald Walters, in which the latter carried out to perfection the character of Mr. Grubb, a manufacturer of a patent breakfast food, "Grubb's Glutenaceous Globules." Their second play, a short tragedy entitled "The Light from St. Agnes," Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske, besides being an exceptionally good and interesting selection, was most splendidly carried out by Mr. Walters, in the character of Michel Kerouac, a drunken wretch; Mrs. W. W. Edgar, who, as Toinette, won for herself golden opinions, and Mr. Clare Brunton, who did excellently as a priest. Mr. Walters' acting was especially fine, in fact better than that of the larger number of professionals in such characters. The Montreal Amateur Dramatic Club had the stage for the remainder of the evening and won praise for themselves in "A Game of Bluff," a farce which caused much laughter at the many funny situations depicted.

Friday night was wholly given up to musical performances, as Professor Parker, who had come from Yale University early in the week, to act as the musical judge, was obliged to return to his professional duties on Saturday. The Ottawa Conservatory of Music String Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Donald Heins, one of the capital's most talented musicians, delighted the audience with its various selections and won for itself the highest praise, being applauded vociferously after each selection. The Orpheus Glee Club also gave much pleasure by its rendering of some excellent choruses and part songs. On Saturday night the theatre had not a vacant seat,

many extra chairs having to be provided, and as there were three dramatic companies to share the evening the curtain went up at 7.30, the several plays not being completed until midnight. The Ottawa Players, during the first portion of the evening, put on "Marble Hearts or The Artist's Dream," a short play of a much more ambitious type than that usually essayed by amateurs. It was splendidly staged and well acted, the principal part of the cast being made up of male characters. Next on Saturday night's programme came "The Cricket on the Hearth," by The Dickens Fellowship Players, of Toronto, under Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith's management, the merits of which are too well known to residents of Toronto to need any criticism here. This particular play had been anticipated with great pleasure by Ottawans who were not disappointed in its production and were loud in their applause, especially at the funny antics of Tilly Slowboy.

"Naval Engagements," acted by a clever company of Montrealers, members of The New Garrick Club, was the last, but by no means the least, on the Competition programme. The stage settings for this pretty little play were extremely rich and handsome and the naval uniforms of Admiral Kingston and his son added much to the general attractiveness. The plot of the play is of the usual order chosen by amateurs and was well carried out by Mr. Horace S. Tibbs, who had under him some clever actors and actresses.

Between the acts on Saturday night Col. Hanbury Williams came before the curtain to announce that just before leaving the capital Professor Parker had handed him his decision with respect to the musical part of the Competition, which he has given in favor of the Ottawa Conservatory of Music String Orchestra, this being closely followed by the Quebec Symphony Society and the Orpheus Glee Club. Needless to say this announcement was greeted with the greatest applause, as it means no small victory to have wrested the trophy from such a finished company of musicians as the Quebec Symphony Society.

Mr. F. F. McKay, of The Players, 16 Gramercy Park, New York, was the judge of the dramatic portion of the competition and was to be seen each evening in the vice-regal box watching with the keenest interest the various representations. Although not an actor himself, he has for many years trained young men and women for the stage, and is now quite an elderly man. His decision has been made—as so many predicted it would—in favor of the Ottawa Thespians, who gave such an excellent rendering of "The Light from St. Agnes." Besides competing for the trophy, additional zest has been given to the competition by reason of the fact that Miss Margaret Anglin, the distinguished Canadian actress, has offered a handsome bracelet to be given annually to the lady who, in the opinion of the judge, has the best histrionic ability. This year it will go to Mrs. W. W. Edgar. Mr. Ernest Shipman, husband of Miss Roselle Knott, another actress of Canadian birth, has offered to tour the winning company in five of the principal cities of the United States, but up to time of writing nothing definite in this respect has been decided.

A very happy thought, which occurred to some one, was the inauguration by the May Court Club of a supper room in a large room adjoining the Russell Theatre, where each evening, after the respective performances, the most delicious menu was served by the members of the May Court, who themselves, daintily garbed in pink frocks, white aprons and becoming white muslin caps, waited on the various parties who congregated at this attractive resort. A great many dollars were thus collected which will go toward the Anti-Tuberculosis cause, at present of so much interest throughout the city. Miss Lemoine was the capable manager of this movement and during the evening performances the many bright members of the May Court could be seen threading their way among the audience taking their supper orders.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, March 2, 1908.

AN old Irishman, rising about five o'clock every morning, bought an alarm clock. The clock was all right for a few days and then one morning failed to ring. Pat took the clock to a jeweler and wanted to know what was the matter. The jeweler opened the clock, and as he took the back out of it a dead cockroach fell out. Pat looked at the roach and said:
"No wonder the clock stopped; the engineer is dead."

An Old-Fashioned Essence

FEW Canadian-born writers have shown themselves to possess a poetic sense as fine as that revealed in the best work of our countryman, Bliss Carman. Of late Mr. Carman has ventured to write a number of essays and prose-poems which are as charming in their way as anything he has given us in verse form. They bear some resemblance to the musings of Mr. Le Gallienne, but, while just as delicately wrought, they strike one as being richer in sincerity. The most recent of these essays of Mr. Carman's appears in The Smart Set for March. It is delightful and engaging, and as so little is written nowadays in such a gentle and leisurely strain, parts of it are here quoted, in the belief that they will furnish refreshment to any thoughtful reader:

As old-fashioned flowers are simpler and commoner than many over-fostered favorites of the hour, and yet never lose their perennial essence of loveliness, but rather become enriched and endeared as associations and memories gather about them, so these old-fashioned qualities of kindness, sincerity and comeliness, which go to make up personal loveliness, are not really superseded by any amount of "temperament," "esprit," "style" or whatever characteristic may be in current vogue in the jargon of the hour. Fashions change, but the things that fashion life are unchanging.

"One is often surprised at finding beauty where there is neither soul nor intelligence at all commensurate with the physical seeming, and in such instances one instinctively hesitates to use the adjective "lovely" as synonymous with "beautiful." For loveliness as we habitually think of it contains other attributes besides physical ones, being made up of a modicum of beauty, actuated by a generous heart and inspired by an incorruptible loyalty. This subtle composite charm does not necessarily affect us in the same way that surpassing beauty does, suddenly overcoming us by its sheer supremacy and often leaving our riper judgment bewildered and void. Loveliness pleases and satisfies without reservation or reaction. While it is within the power of beauty to astonish the senses, only loveliness can delight the soul and content the mind as well as charm the eye...."

"Gentle, warm and generous natures lay a sorcery upon us with a look or a tone, or transport us by a hand-touch beyond the confines of sorrow and dismay, while far more perfectly beautiful but less loving and understanding beings leave us indifferent and unmoved. Time as it passes betrays the loveless spirit and the unlighted mind by unmistakable signs; the eyes grow hard, the mouth unsmiling or mean, the brow sullen or supercilious, and the general mien becomes furtive, dejected or querulous. But the kindly spirits who put love and care into the daily practice of life increase in loveliness as the years go by, and age only lends them a more indubitable and magic comeliness. Their beauty is not the mere insensate mask of appearance, whose flawless hues must pale, its texture change, its lines droop, beginning to wilt even in the moment of maturity, like a soulless flower; it is the subtle and registering simulacrum of the ever-growing intelligence and spirit, whose loving thoughts and feelings it reveals from moment to moment in fascinating and memorable expressions of loveliness. The plainest features grow more comely with years through habits of loveliness—by being made continually the instruments of sincere and kindly lives.

"Of all the qualities that can enlist our enthusiasm for a personality, sincerity is surely the noblest and most rare. It is only through sincerity that mortals can attain anything like a permanent tenure of happiness, and come to breathe that paradisaic air in which fearless intelligences dwell. Sincerity is to conduct what truth is to science, what unselfishness is to religion, what devotion is to art, the core upon whose soundness all other worth depends. As a single error may invalidate a whole fabric of reasoning, so a drop of insincerity may vitiate all the effect of an attractive character nullifying beauty, weakening love, and involving the personality and all its relationships in disaster...."

"That comeliness should be so potent a part of loveliness is natural enough, since it is the senses after all that supply the nourishment of our dreams and suggest the trend of our ideals. It is useless to delude ourselves with the belief that the spiritual life needs nothing more than virtue for its sustenance, and may be lived in a state of fatuous beatitude quite removed from actualities. Such a dreary and fantastic conception of existence could only have been devised by the dark, rabid theology of the Middle Ages, that midnight of man's reason.

Strange as it seems, there are still here and there fanatical minds which can decry the excellence of beauty, keeping alive the mistaken old cant which declares it to be an evil and a snare. This is no more than an ascetic and fanatical pose, without any real ground of conviction, for we must all enjoy the esthetic stimulus of beauty and feel the religion of its innocent good, unless we are perverted or mad.

"But the instinct of humanity is never to be defrauded for long.... The practical cultivation of gladdening and helpful loveliness needs no extraordinary wealth, no exceptional opportunities, no favored habitat or environment, no peculiar advantage of air or season.... It costs very little money but considerable nicety to be comely—to be clean, cared for, and in keeping with just requirement. To be sincere and kindly is equally inexpensive monetarily, and more costly in unselfish effort and wisdom, yet not unattainable for the least of us even in a confusing and distracting world."

The Unforgiven.

NEVER for me shall your lamp be lighted,
Never for me shall your door stand wide,

Though the ghost may come when the man has died,
To keep the oath that his live lips plighted.

Though a thousand lights on the way be sighted,
Dark and unhouse one heart must bide,

Never for me shall your lamp be lighted,
Never for me shall your door stand wide.

I pay the price of a wrong unrighted—
I am free of the world from tide to tide,

But I never may kneel by one love's side,
Penitent, heart-sick for all I slighted.

Never for me shall your door stand wide,
Never for me shall your lamp be lighted.

—Theodosia Garrison in The Smart Set.

MR. SHONTS, the former chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, has been pointing out the almost incredible difficulties of handling the West Indian blacks who are doing the manual toil of the canal.

Senator Millard, he says, was sitting on the deck of the steamer Havana, watching the unloading of a heavy piece of machinery from the hold of the vessel. The tackle got caught in the rigging of the deck above; the foreman in charge of the gang of laborers sent one of them to free the tackle. The laborer went, and did what he was told to do. The foreman missed him a few minutes later, and looking around for the man, discovered him sitting peacefully at the spot to which he had been sent.

"What are you doing there?" yelled the foreman.

"You told me to come here, sah."

"Well, why didn't you come back?"

"You didn't tell me to come back, sah."

THE daughter of an English lady of very high rank had some pain in her foot, which her mother asked the governess to be good enough to look at. The latter, after examining it, said, with deference:
"If it were not for her ladyship's exalted rank, I should say it was a bunion."

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Topical Remarks by The Khan

What this Popular Canadian Writer of Homespun Philosophy has to say on Certain Matters of Timely Interest.

THERE is generally food for thought as well as food for fun in the homespun philosophy of "The Khan." From his recent contributions to the Toronto Star and the Hamilton Herald these quotations are made:

Stupid people shouldn't come to a cold country; if they do they will be frozen. It is always stupid people who are getting run over and knocked down and frozen to death. Too many of the people who emigrated to this country last December were stupid, I'm afraid. I will call them as witnesses and they will testify that it was a very stupid thing to do. To read about a band of half-clad Englishmen going out to shovel snow on the railway tracks during a blizzard is sad. Here in the heart of civilization that story contains a tale of hardship and suffering greater than extended over twelve months of a pioneer's life. Some of these poor creatures wore stiff felt hats and many of them had no mitts.

You have all read of the man without a shadow, the man without a country, the man without a soul, the man minus a heart; but each of these vagabonds was in great luck compared to the man in this country in mid-winter who hath got no mitts.

If you can afford to stand around outside with your hands in your pockets you may be able to pull through; but if you are obliged to handle a pick or shovel, or an axe or a pair of lines, then you are going to get a bad impression of the Northern Zone.

But the Canadian never feels it. He is prepared for it. He stays at home in the winter time. Some people have a penchant for visiting in the middle of a cold snap. They should stay at home. When the thermometer is twenty degrees below zero the average household hath enough trouble without being bothered with visitors. If I see anybody making for the wigwag, satchel and suit case in hand, till the warm weather comes, I will set the dogs on them. I don't care if it's my girl's respected papa, or even herself.

It is quite a trick to know when to stay at home. A masterly inactivity alongside of a good fire or between the blankets is good tactics during a cold spell.

The Canadian government should straightway proceed to educate the peoples of the earth how to stay at home, or, rather, when to stay at home; but especially they should indicate the type of people who should stay at home anyway and never leave it. We raise enough helpless folks and ne'er-do-wells of our own without importing them from a far-off land.

There are plenty of people born in Canada who would starve to death or freeze to death if it were not for their friends. Of course, it would be quite a stroke of business to export these people to another country; but would it be right? We ought to be prepared to take what we get and put up with our own troubles.

The time to visit Vesuvius is when the terrible mountain is quiescent; the time to visit Canada is in the spring, and before the cold weather comes you get the hang of things. In six months they ought to be able to rig themselves out with mitts, mufflers, underclothes, etc.—that is, if they are any good at all. To their credit, the most of them are, but they get it tipped off to them wrong, and then they

become discouraged. And when you are discouraged you freeze easier than if you were *toujours gai*. And when you are half frozen you are so stupid, and you get knocked about, and you are very wretched indeed.

The other day we took up a collection in our church to send books and clothing to the nude and happy savages somewhere in Africa where it is 120 degrees in the shade! And here were plenty of people all round us who hadn't mitts, and it 22 degrees below zero! We sometimes do things clumsily. We should have spent that money in sending our unknown friends mosquito netting, fly paper and bug poison. No, we shouldn't, either; we should have spent it in buying merciful mitts for many men. If we didn't give the average English emigrant the frigid fist when he first arrived, he certainly got it during the last long cold spell, and that's a fact. Next fall, if the steamship companies bring out a lot of poor people, they should be bound to look after them all winter and see that they get work and are properly housed. I was reading the other day that human life was cheap in the middle ages. Human life is just as cheap now.

"Here comes a farmer!"

The old-fashioned bells, deep, rich and mellow, are ringing away out King street, and the boys and—yes—the girls get ready to catch on. And they generally succeed. No matter how fast the sleigh may be moving, a number catch on, and the rest miss it or are left sprawling in the discolored snow. Catching on is an art. Some people never learn it; they never catch on. They can't catch on. The sleigh would have to stop dead before they could get on, and then they would do it awkwardly. Others would catch on if it were going at a 230 clip. Some people can cut a corner; others can't, they've got to go round the angle if it takes them all day. When I look about me at the successful or famous men that I know, I am impressed by the fact that they caught on. Some of them had many a hard tumble, and they have plowed the snow or dirt with their noses, but that didn't discourage them—they caught on to the next thing that came along. I am going to a funeral tomorrow—that of a man who was always in misfortune and who died in poverty.

I hope he'll get across the dark river all right; but I doubt it. He will either miss the ferry, or get the wrong boat, or fall overboard and get drowned. He never could go home from here to Jericho Junction without breaking something, or getting lost, or held up, or tumbled into the ditch. Unless the golden chariot stops for him he will get left, for he never could catch on.

Gradually and by slow degrees I am being converted to the Wise Woman. When I was a kid the Wise Woman was the woman who read your hand, your tea cup; but the Wise Woman of to-day is different.

After centuries and centuries the Wise Woman hath been evolved. It took her a long time; she submitted to insult and the whip; she submitted to every degradation and wrong. She was sold—she was bought. She was bought and sold. Six of her were a man's wife, and she bided her time. She was sold to the highest bidder.

And she bided her time.

What makes me uneasy is the fear that they will take a fearful vengeance, for the Wise Woman is on deck and she knows how strong she is.

What fools we were! Why didn't we sell the Wise Woman as a slave dealer would have done, and tell him to give her the dope that the slave dealer knows so well.

No; he let her go, and here she is now! And, honest Injun, I don't know what to do with her.

Comrades, the Wise Woman is going to puzzle us all.

In the old days we could strangle her, or put her in a sack and drown her like a puppy or a kitten, or we could knock her down and jump on her and tramp her beauty out—we could make her run to a neighbor's for shelter and hide when we were nigh—but that's all over.

The Wise Woman is here.

She is not only here, but the Wise Woman is here to stay.

You people know me well, but it has gone this far that I wouldn't venture out of the house without consulting the Wise Woman.

I dare not, for the Wise Woman is on top. She holds the whip hand; and she is here to stay.

And she doesn't come like Attala or Ghengey Khan, or like the Goth king, or the brute they call the Little Corporal; there is no murder done, no cities burned; there is no retreat from Moscow or on Corunna.

But the Wise Woman is getting there just the same. She is overturning thrones; she is building republics.

She hath no servant; she is not coated in mail. As a matter of fact, her dress didn't cost more than two dollars, but she is almighty!

Look out for her.

Lucky is the man who from this day out accounts for the Wise Woman.

I won't surrender my manhood, but if I were to undertake a great big job to-morrow I wouldn't dare to take a step till I found out if the Wise Woman was with me.

I would get there. No, I know that she wouldn't let me smoke in the parlor.

In the Cool of the Evening.

I.
N the cool of the evening, when the low sweet whispers waken,
When the laborers turn them homeward, and the weary have their will,
When the censers of the roses o'er the forest-aisles are shaken,
Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the far green hill?

II.
For they say 'tis but the sunset winds that wander through the heather,
Rustle all the meadow-grass and bend the dewy fern;
They say 'tis but the winds that bow the reeds in prayer together,
And fill the shaken pools with fire along the shadowy burn.

III.
In the beauty of the twilight, in the Garden that He loveth,
They have veiled His lovely vesture with the darkness of a name!
Through His Garden, through His Garden it is but the wind that moveth,
No more; but O, the miracle, the miracle is the same!

IV.
In the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old story
Slowly dying, but remembered, ay, and loved with passion still,
Hush! the fringes of His garment, in the fading golden glory,
Softly rustling as He cometh o'er the far green hill.
—Alfred Noyes, in The Nation.

"The pen," remarked the student, "is mightier than the sword." "Yes," answered the man who likes the pomp and trappings, "but it doesn't make near the showing in a reception or a parade."—Washington Star.

Some people make the mistake of thinking they are sure just because they are slow.—Puck.

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An Old Inn Closed

THE old Ship Tavern at Greenwich has closed its doors and Americans who have journeyed that way, coming from London by water for a whitebait dinner at the ancient inn, will grieve to know that they can never more repeat the delightful experience, says The Bellman of Minneapolis.

Dickens was fond of the Ship Tavern and both gave and received many dinners there, revelling in the atmosphere of the old place, which was suggestive of the best sort of good fellowship. Here (continues The Bellman) with George Cruikshank, Marryat, Proctor, Hood and other congenial companions he passed many happy hours, returning homeward in a condition of the greatest good humor with himself, his friends and his world. It was at a fish dinner at Greenwich that Dickens and Douglas Jerrold met for the last time.

Many harmless ghosts haunted the old tavern; shades of departed authors, artists and public men, but of all, none was more real and immortal than that of sweet Bella Wilfer, who never existed except in the imagination of Dickens. When the charming Bella was married to John Rokesmith, as told in Our Mutual Friend, the occasion was celebrated by a fish dinner at the Ship and Dickens describes it in his own inimitable manner.

Here at the little table in the bow window overlooking the dingy river made golden by the romance of the moment sat John Rokesmith and his pretty new wife and the Cherub. Take up Our Mutual Friend and revive the memory of the charming scene as Dickens alone could depict it, and you will be sorry that the next time you go to London the pleasure of visiting the identical spot will be denied you.

It is a pity that the old place has been obliged to close. The reason for its downfall was the coming of the newer fashions. The modern diner no longer cares for the old-fashioned comfort and the quiet, homely, shabby surroundings of such peaceful places. He desires to feed himself grandly in palaces of gilt and splendor where the band plays unceasingly and all is gorgeousness and display. He no longer takes the trouble to go where, served to well cooked dishes by a silent waiter, he may eat and dream in the company of gentle and friendly memories and be at peace.

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dor where the band plays unceasingly and all is gorgeousness and display. He no longer takes the trouble to go where, served to well cooked dishes by a silent waiter, he may eat and dream in the company of gentle and friendly memories and be at peace.

Mr. F. Holmes Beach thus describes the last dinner he ate at the Ship Tavern: "An old-fashioned waiter came majestically to take our orders. There was none of the glib eagerness of the modern waiter made in Germany. We had fish soup to start with—real fish soup; then whitebait, beautifully fried, crisp, hot, delicious, as one seldom gets it. After that came various fish dishes, sole, lobster cutlets, shrimp patties.

"The wine, like the tavern, was old and very good. We were a merry

little company, and afterwards we sipped our coffee and liqueurs and watched night falling over the river like a cloudy mantle, blotting out the ugliness and hiding the dirt. In the dim grayness the romance and the memories of the place enveloped us. Ghosts walked by the river side and conversed with us, ghosts who had in their time eaten their fish dinners, quaffed good wine, and dined in good company."

Socialist Street Orator—"Yuss, there ought to be no poor. We ought all to be wealthy, and the wealthy ought to be starvin' like us."—Punch.

The perpetual picture-postcardy smile, meaningless and futile, is one of the hall-marks of the unintelligent woman.—Gentlewoman.